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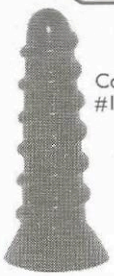

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Volume15 . Issue05

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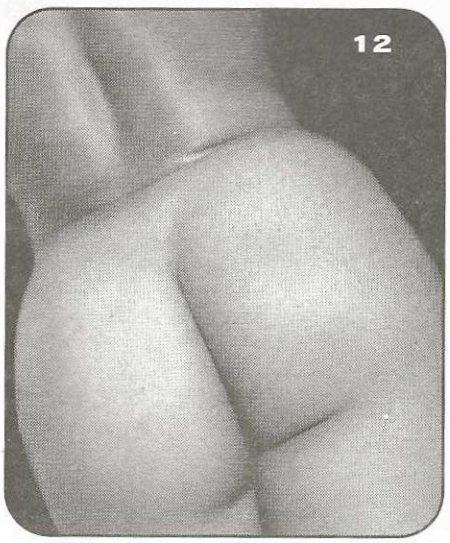

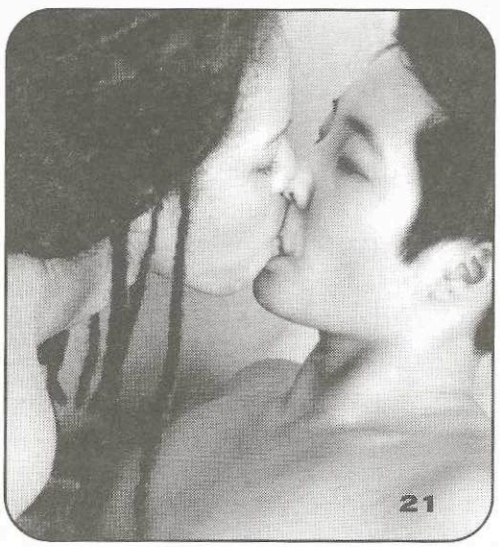

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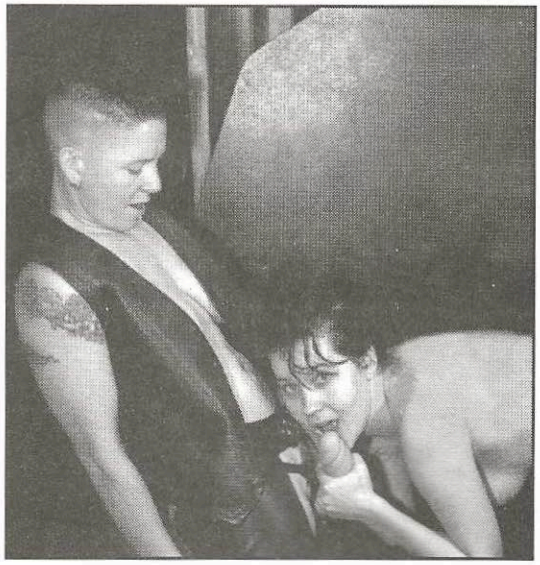
Dancers, Daddies, and Dykes

If you have not already seen it, you must try to catch a new documentary called *Live Nude Girls Unite!* The film by Julia Query and Vicki Funari follows the struggle of strippers at San Francisco's Lusty Lady strip club to organize the very first Exotic Dancers Union. It's no surprise to me that many of the women who were the driving force behind organizing the union are queer. Editorial assistant Rachel Kramer Bussel caught up with Julia and Vicki to talk about their experiences in the sex industry and what it was like to make their movie (page 30). One of the activist dancers featured in the film is our own cover girl Siobhan, and we're honored to feature her delicious romp with J.J. (page 21). And, in our continuing effort to push your erotic buttons, we offer the forbidden Daddy/boy fantasy of leatherdykes Red and Egidio (page 32). We let them loose at the famed men's sex club Eros, and they proved that dykes can get just as nasty as the boys. Enjoy!

With lube + affection,

Tristan Taormino

Tristan Taormino, Editor

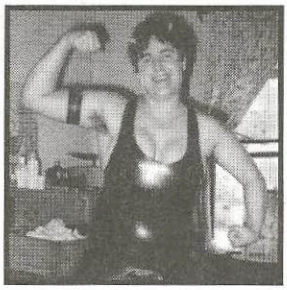


DARLENE WEIDE

I love my job! Supervising leatherdykes on the loose in a gay male sex club—look for their hot scene on page 32.

contributors

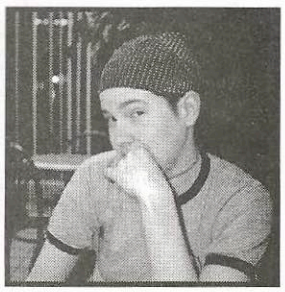
Michelle Tea is the author of the novels *The Passionate Mistakes and Intricate Corruption of One Girl in America* (Semiotext(e)), and *Valencia* (Seal Press), which the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* awarded with a 2000 Goldie Award. She is the cofounder of the all-girl poetry gang Sister Spit, and recently toured the USA with the Wasted Motel Tour. Michelle is currently working on a novel about growing up a working-class female, and fixing to run away to New Orleans.



Rachel Venning is the co-founder of Toys in Babeland, the lesbian-owned sextoy store. She currently runs the Babeland Web site www.babeland.com. Rachel's current favorite project is writing the sex advice column for the Web site. "So far I've soothed the lovelorn, encouraged timid transsexuals, coached baby dykes, and recommended a buttplug to just about everybody," laughs Rachel. Rachel aims to make us oral experts with her how-to on page 11.

Porn reviewer **Laura Weide** is a globe-hopping sex educator and pleasure activist. Laura watched more than 300 porn movies while developing her show *Lesbian Porn 101,* which has screened across the United States, in Europe, and may make it's way to Australia in the near future. She also teaches workshops on a variety of sex topics, such as Sex Toys & Strap-On Sex, The Anatomy of Pleasure, Lesbian Hand Jobs, and Pussy Self-Esteem. Laura tells us about her favorite porn stars on page 20.

"I've never done sex work, but I have considered it, and doing the interview with Julia and Vicky gave me a new and valuable perspective about it," says **Rachel Kramer Bussel** about her interview with the women behind the film *Live Nude Girls Unite!* Her writing has been published in the *San Francisco Chronicle, Curve, BUST, Rockgrrl,* LesbiaNation.com, and the anthologies *Starf*cker, Best Lesbian Erotica 2001,* and the forthcoming *Faster Pussycats.*



"I work in as many mediums as I can master. I believe it is important to support women, queers, and the arts, so I make art for and with artists and/or publications who do the same," says illustrator **Suzy Malik.** She is currently working on an installation about the body, gender, and borders in cyberspace, as well as an ongoing body of work called "a day in the life" a series of images of dykes on subways, dykes in relationships, dykes having sex, etc. Check out her work on page 38.

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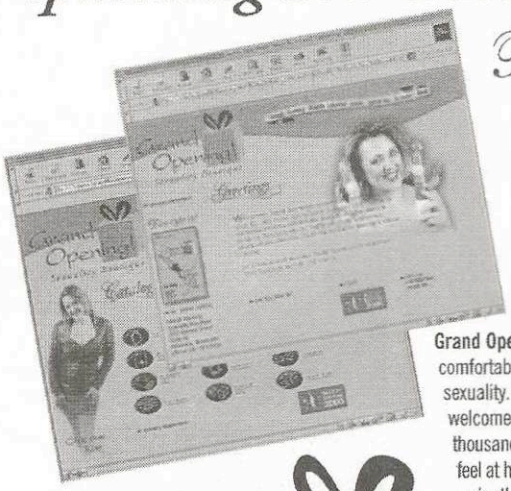

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Kim Airs, Proprietrix

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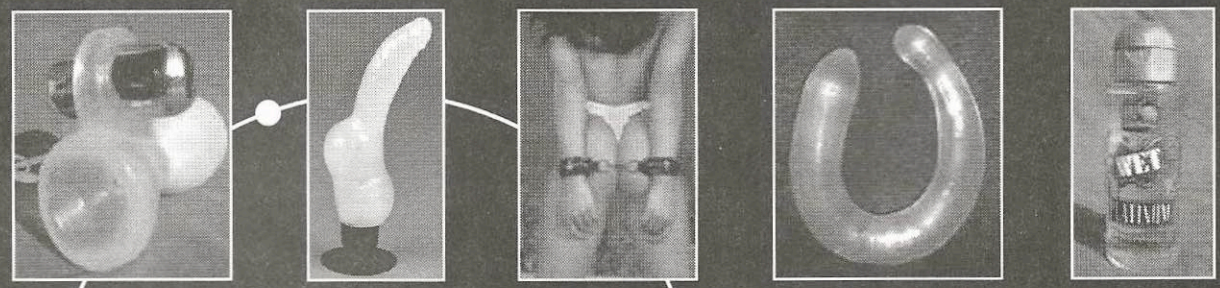

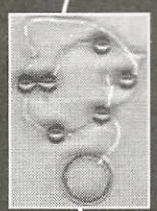

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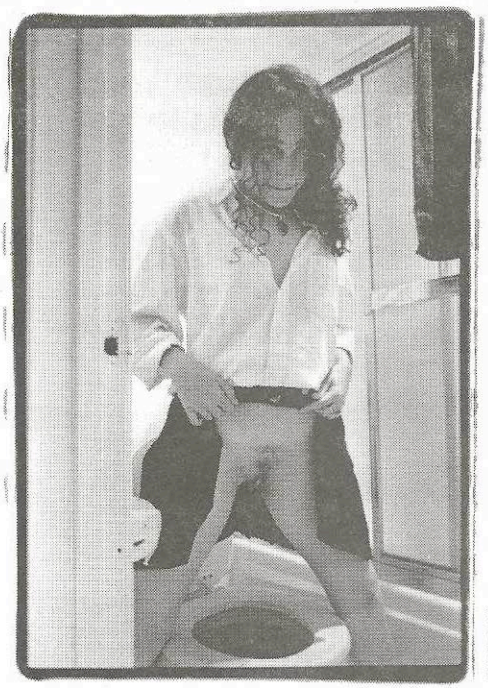

DAVE NAZ

Wet Spot

I have to say that your Oct/Nov issue has impressed me more than any other I've seen so far... wow. Not only did I find your articles very interesting in this issue (I was really glad to see an article on queer youth and BDSM ["Beyond Child's Play"]), but the pictorals were HOT!! The girls in the kitchen looked like they were really into each other and having fun, which is so nice to see, and I absolutely LOVED the scene between Midori and Huck. The sight of a hot femme forcing a cute submissive boi to service her gets me so wet! Also, the female ejaculation how-to inspired me to give myself the most sheet-drenching G-spot orgasm since Tristan's sex workshop at the Michigan Womyn's Festival. Thank you, **On Our Backs**! Hoping to see more femme bitch tops and butch boy bottoms.

S.K.
via the Internet

Pissed About Gypsies

I just got the [Oct/Nov] **On Our Backs.** Good as usual, but I have comments about a couple of things. Amber Hollibaugh is described as a "white-trash Gypsy." Gypsy is a word used to describe the Romany ethnic group and there is nothing in the interview to indicate Hollibaugh is of Romany background. Would a term for any other ethnic group be used to connote traveling or whatever the term is meant to suggest as applied to Hollibaugh?

In "Fuck Me Jesus," Michelle Tea speaks of looking "like a girl dressed like a gypsy for Halloween." No one in this era would get dressed up for Halloween as a Native American, Italian, or other ethnicity. Why is it still acceptable to lump this group in the same category with ghosts and goblins?

Rachel Heath
via the Internet

Editor's note: Amber Hollibaugh describes herself as a "White Trash Gypsy" and is of Romany descent.

In Our Face

I've been a subscriber to **On Our Backs** for two years now. I can honestly say that I've not been disappointed. Even when some of your photo spreads (pardon the pun) don't get my juices flowing, I find the rawness and passion of the photography exciting. I'm always thrilled to see women of color and women of size grace your pages. As a big, beautiful black dyke, it gives me such a charge to see voluptuous women throwing their sexuality and sexiness in people's faces. Keep up the awesome work.

via the Internet

Queer As Fuck

Congratulations on continuing to push the limits of your readers' sexuality. I love reading all the letters from critical lesbians claiming your models look like prostitutes and ho's or you show too much dick (Oct/Nov 2000). Now which is it? Too much dick or too many femmes? They criticize and argue, now my pussy's all wet and how do I explain that?!?!

On a serious note, I have some questions for you: What does the future hold for **On Our Backs**? Are there any plans to go to a glossy or color format? Any plans to include an amateur or reader mail-in sections as many porn mags do? As a pornographer and a member of the sex-radical organization Queer As Fuck, I would be delighted by either development.

Rocko Bulldagger
via the Internet

Pussy for Peace

I just wanted to write and let you know that since I left the U.S. five months ago to serve in the Peace Corps in Kyrgyzstan (a former Soviet Republic in Central Asia) your April/May edition has been a lifesaver. In the U.S. I am usually pretty out and active in queer circles. Consequently, the Peace Corps has been a drastic adjustment to my life. Around volunteers I am out and can gossip about women and sex, but in my community it just is not possible because this is a pretty conservative society with Muslim influence. In this vein, adjusting to not having regular dyke contact both physically and socially has been rough, and having **On Our Backs** to peruse has been wonderful. "The Undertow" and Katharine's photo shoot definitely where the hottest aspects of the edition and have kept me worked up while I adjust to a new culture.

Emilia Rastrick
Kyrgyzstan

Barely Legal

OHHHHH MMMMYYY GAWD! Meredith is the sexiest model you have had on print in a LOOOOONG time!!! Those eyes, that body... oooh I feel naughty! I'm 31, and thoroughly enjoyed her spread. Sure, she's 19, but hell, I would have posed when I was 19 too! If ya got it, flaunt it babeee. Let Meredith know that I would love to be her "fistee" and she can be my "fister" Yeh!

Shannon
Norfolk, Virginia

More Naked Girls, Please

I just want to tell you how thankful I am to have a porn magazine of our very own. I was married for 12 years before I finally fell in love with a woman and never looked back. Coming from the straight world I can tell you just how little representation of lesbian sex there is in the media. All these women who write in and complain that there are too many fat girls or skinny girls or girls who look like boys should just be glad they have something to argue about. My only wish is that the magazine were in color. I would like to have something beautiful and glossy to be proud of.

Suz
Tallahasee, Florida

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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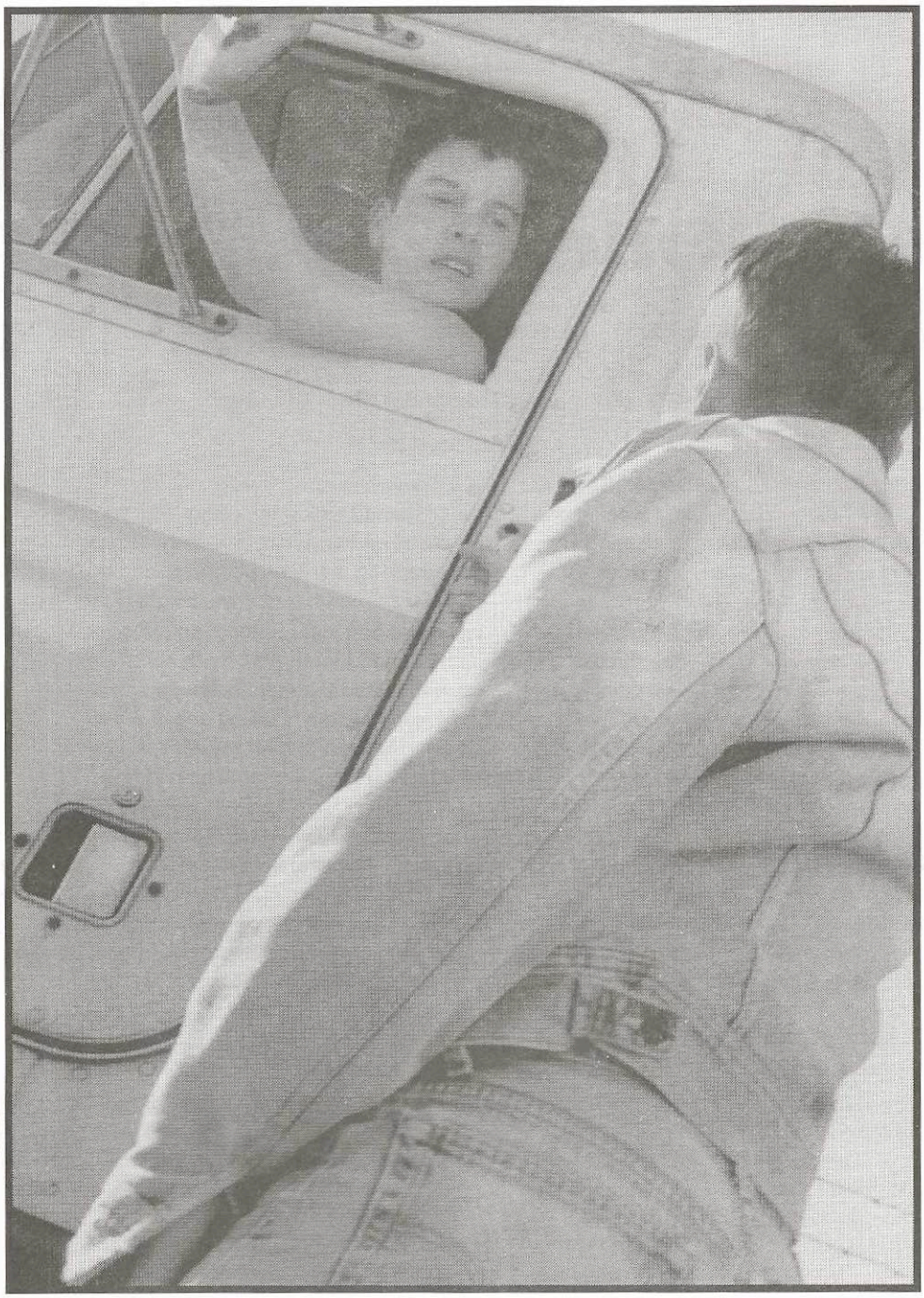

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Naked In New Orleans

by Michelle Tea

illustration by Fish

Walking down Bourbon Street in New Orleans on a weekend is truly not the kind of thing you want to do if you look like a raging bulldagger, or a freak of any sort, lest you find yourself suddenly surrounded by a pack of Marines who stink like the 10-gallon drum of booze they just inhaled and find homos either amusing or enraging, depending on the type of alcoholic they are. So to take a peek at the lewd and fantastic sights I am about to describe to you, select a nice dull Monday or a sleepy Tuesday, and begin your stroll down the neon gulch of Bourbon Street.

As you gaze around at the lacy balconies dripping with old Mardi Gras beads and all the tourist shops selling ceramic masks that look like eighties Nagel paintings, you will spy what appear to be the feet of a lady cutting in and out of a hole in a building, as if she were blissfully swinging on a swingset. As you move closer you will discover the legs to be the phony plastic legs of a lady mannequin, stuck into a pair of those terrifying million-inch platform shoes that strippers like to effortlessly trip about in. If you stare too long at this playful sight, both curiosity and the hypnotic motion of these mysterious swinging feet will lead you into the darkly tempting maw of Big Daddy's, one of the French Quarter's fine purveyors of live nude girls.

It was a moist and sluggish late afternoon when I strolled into Big Daddy's with my lady and our mild-mannered friend. Now, you probably think that Big Daddy's is destined to be a little disappointing–how is it going to live up to the excellent swinging lady in the window? Um, by having an actual swing above the goddamn bar, that's how. It is a swing like no other swing I have ever seen–first, because the girl upon it is wearing no clothing, and second because it is a crazy lying-down swing, not some run-of-the-mill sitting-up swing. A girl is sprawled on her tummy like she's tanning or something, her tiny breasts poking out as she leans up on her elbows to light a cigarette. She just lies there smoking, bobbing her head to an Aerosmith song. I realize with a start that I am beholding my ideal job. Lying naked in a swing above a bar, smoking. Would they let me read, I wonder? Could life be that kind in New Orleans? I begin looking around Big Daddy's as not just a thrill-seeker, but as a potential employee. My ladyfriend is engulfed in her own fantasy of being Big Daddy's bartender, pouring beer into Dixie cups beneath a swing full of naked girl. Me and my ladyfriend are quite compatible.

The three of us grab seats around the stage, which is filled with fun things to climb and crawl on, like a jungle gym for grownups. Naked, female grownups. The classic, gleaming pole comes with a very deluxe wheel at its top, and we watch breathlessly as the–well, I know it's a very cheesy, hideously overused word, particularly among certain lesbian sects, but we watch as the motherfucking *goddess* on stage gives the wheel a spin, climbs the pole with her *thighs*, and somehow inserts her feet into the whirling wheel. She spins through the air, hangs from her psychotic stilettos, her spine arched backwards and arms outstretched like some crazy nighttime bird, a sleek bat, her dark hair fluttering and emitting a very nice smell each time she twirls by, like the shampoo aisle at Walgreen's. We quickly slap crinkled dollars onto the linoleum stage. She flies a bit longer, descends the pole, strips, flashes a fast bit of snatch, and leaves.

Our next performer flips a switch on the floor, and a round, raised platform on the stage begins to spin like a sultry, shag-carpeted merry-go-round. She crawls onto it like a prickly alleycat, and proceeds to twist both feet behind her ears. Both feet, both ears. OK? She's a *contortionist*. We apparently are at a *circus*, a sexy circus of girls who do indeed take their clothes off, but only for a second, and only after they've dazzled you with the incredible tricks they've taught their bodies to do. The contortionist rotates lazily like an LP on a turntable, and we try to read her tattoos as she swings by us. She untangles herself and slithers over to the nest of tips we've built for her, nods a little thank you. A few boomerang twirls on the pole and then she slips off her dress, displays her bony bird-chest, and slinks away.

Before our night at Big Daddy's ends, a girl will strip to a song from the *South Park* soundtrack. A buck-wild lezzie dancer will fling off her tube dress at the sight of a bunch of dykes at the stage, kick over our tiny, pathetic beers with her deadly shoes, and sit on my ladyfriend's head while drunkenly high-fiving me and yelling, "You're one lucky bitch!" over the Def Leppard tune she'd chosen to shimmy to. Her girlfriend, swinging lazily above the bar, winked at us and snarled a little kitten-snarl as her love began to smother my own between her gigantic boobies. Me and my mild-mannered friend moved nervously away from the friendly assault, slightly scared for our comrade, but very glad it wasn't happening to us, as we are quite shy in these types of situations. Big Daddy's is a fantastic carnival of feminine mayhem and acrobatic enchantment. Don't forget to tip.

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

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photo–bob sherman / model–Holly Woo

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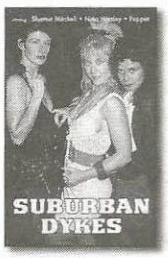

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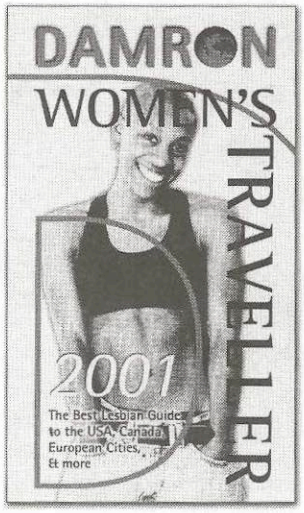
What's black and white and read all over?



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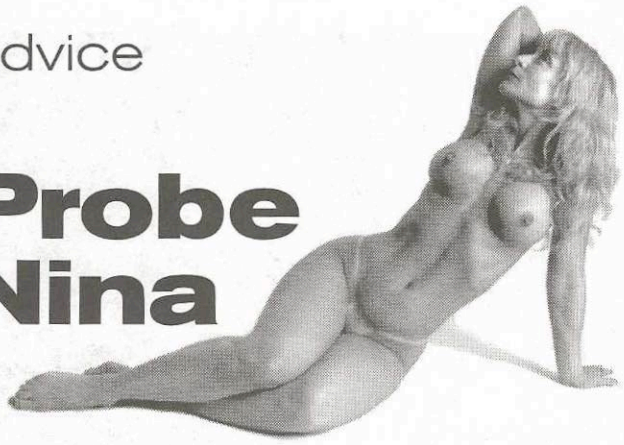
advice

Probe Nina



CHLOE ATKINS

Doggie-Style Blunders

I have a problem with "falling out" of my lovers during doggy-style sex. This has plagued me for some time, caused quite a bit of frustration and even some fear (no one wants to hear "Shit, I fell out!" right before orgasm). I love the sensation of slamming against my partner's ass with abandon. But when I fall out, I know I could potentially hurt her. What's wrong? My current bisexual lover says that men fall out all the time and I should just get over my issues. But still, all this has made me far too tame in my bedroom.

Welcome to the club! Nothing feels more un-toplike than falling out in the middle of a good stroking. Your lover is right, though, it happens with bio-men all the time. You do need to get over it. When it happens to me, I do not *profusely apologize like an adolescent. I catch myself, lean over her as I rub the head of my dick on her pussy. I use my other hand to stroke her clit or grab her hair or face as I growl or whisper in her ear, "Do you want me to fuck you?" She will experience it as a terribly dominant tease, since she can't see the look on your face. As she is getting close to coming in that position, though, if she does, keep visual contact with the fucking so you don't fuck up her ending rhythm. Happy pounding!*

In Love With the Ex?

I am a 27-year-old lesbian. About ten months ago, my girlfriend of six years and I broke up. I have been in a new relationship for two months; this woman is great. However, I have been feeling very sad and missing my ex very much lately. I cry on a daily basis, and everything that has to do with her makes me very sad. Am I just going through the "getting over her" thing or is it possible I am still in love with her?

It sounds most like the "still in love with her" syndrome. Your current relationship sounds good, but it's still in the honeymoon stage and can't have the same emotional weight, yet, that six years has. An excellent book to read when you are in that space is Cheri Huber's The Depression Book: Depression As an Opportunity for Spiritual Growth. *It helped me immensely, and I recommend it highly. Depression is a natural emotional cycle, so don't beat yourself up for feeling low: you've suffered a loss and you need to grieve at your own pace.*

Dyke Dilemma

I am 50 years old and am not sure if I am gay. I've had sex with men intermittently, but never had a committed relationship. Ever since my teenage years, whenever I have thought about women, I have had an "aching feeling" but I have never allowed myself to wonder if I was gay. I have never tried to be with a woman. I do watch adult videos and masturbate, and I find the lesbian sex arousing. Am I gay?

Only you know the answer to that question, since only you can look into your own heart and see what is there. You have a wonderful opportunity to explore your sexuality and decide and discover who you are. There are many good books on the market that can help you find the answers you seek. One good one to start with is Sex for One *by Betty Dodson. Learning to use masturbation as a spiritual ritual is an excellent way to open yourself up so you can see inside your heart. As you learn to feel and love yourself, you will be more and more revealed to yourself and the answers will be there. Good luck.*

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Lick Pussy

by Rachel Venning

Cunnilingus is the holy grail of lesbian sex. Given that, it's no surprise that some of the performance anxiety that straights experience around intercourse we dykes might suffer when it's time to put our mouths to the test. Cultural myths about nasty vaginas just add to the pressure. Pussy munching is best when both people are into it. Doing it should feel really good and exciting to the giver. As good as it is for her cunt, it hopefully is for your mouth. Whether you're a natural muffdiver who started eating out your best friend in fourth grade before you even knew what a lesbian was, or a late-blooming lady coming out in her fifties, here are a few tips to try on your next labial loll.

1. Mix it up.
If all you do is lick up and down, up and down ("fencepainting"), chances are that it'll get boring to your partner after a while. Try some variations in movement and pressure–use your lips, breath, and teeth in addition to your tongue; change positions; use your hands. Get your whole creative body involved.

HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE LIKES IT?

With your face buried in her cunt and your ears muffled by her creamy thighs, it can be hard to talk about how things are going. So look for more subtle signs of her enjoyment. If she raises her hips to meet your mouth, that is a very good sign. A lubricating vagina and swelling vulva and labia that spread open as they become engorged are a sure sign that she's responding favorably. So is a growing clitoris. An all-over skin flush, rapid breathing, and writhing are also clues. Clutching the sheets is excellent, and so are hands on the back of your head pushing you in for more!

2. If it ain't broke, don't fix it.
Most women orgasm in response to rhythmic stimulation, so if you're in a groove that is building her up, don't suddenly change what you're doing. Finding the balance between variety and consistency is the key to being an oral expert.

3. Lick like an ice cream cone.
Big soft licks from stem to stern with a full wide flat tongue stimulate all the nerves in her genital area. Go deliciously slow to make her feel like a yummy dessert being savored, or speed it up a bit and focus more on the clitoral area to push her toward orgasm.

4. Circles and eights.
While direct clit licking can be too intense a touch for many, the swirl of a tongue looping around the top, along the sides, and under the clit can be exquisite. Dress it up with another loop around the vagina.

5. Scratch your nose.
While licking her clit, insert two fingers in her vagina. Curl those fingers up towards your tongue, capturing her clit and G-spot between your mouth and fingers. As your tongue licks up, pull down with your fingers; get a rhythm going. Or try licking her G-spot. Shove it in there as far as it'll go. Some women can stick their G-spots out or almost out if they bear down.

6. Dive in.
It's good to build up the intensity level of sensation gradually, but once you're into it, use your whole face. Bury yourself in her pussy, get your tongue in as far as possible, use your nose for more pressure. Not only does this feel good physically, but it let's her know you are really into it and that her cunt is not gross or dirty to you. Hint: If your eyelids aren't sticky, you're not doing it right.

HEAT RAY

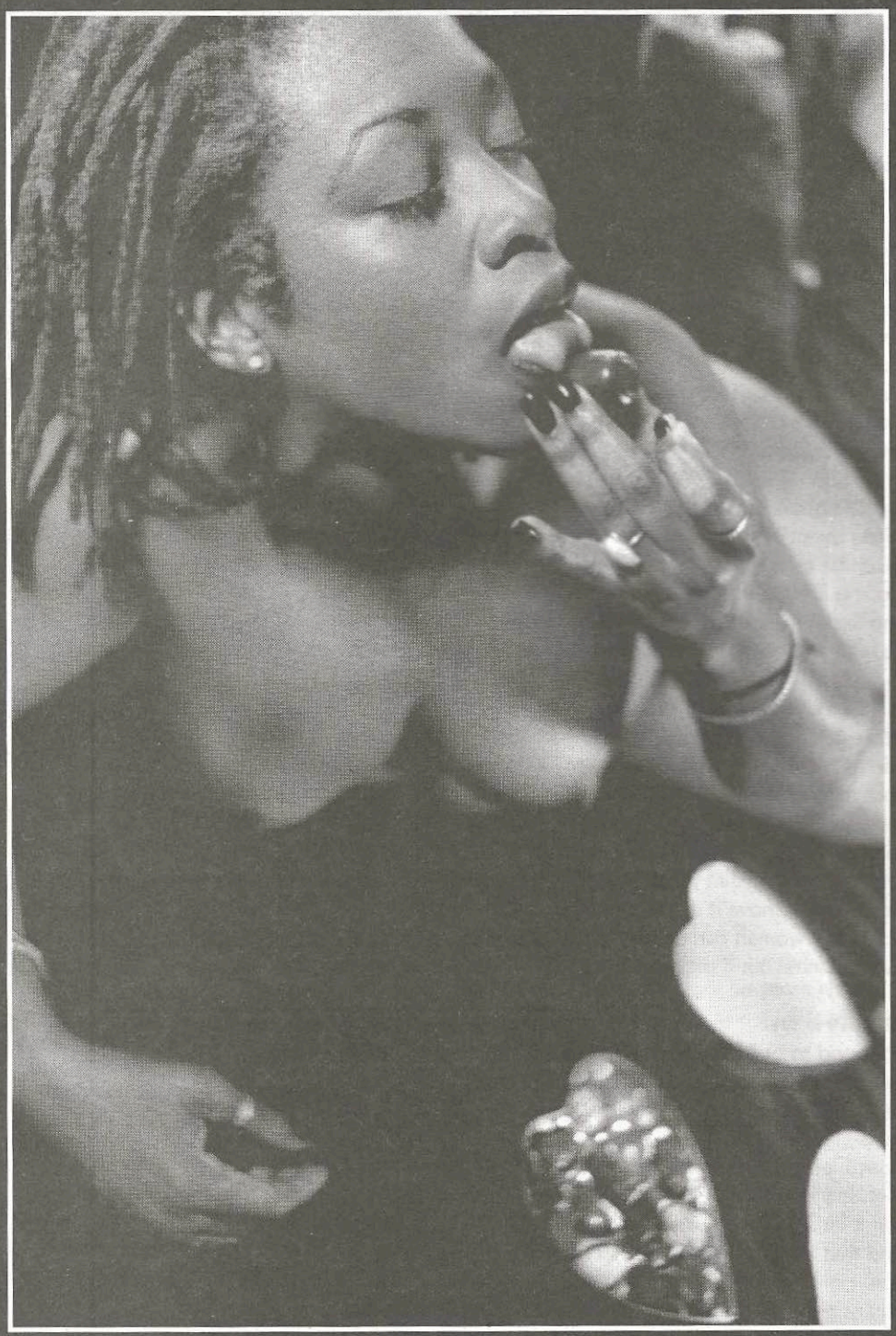
7. Straddle your lover's face.
If lying back to be licked is too passive for you, hop on top. From up there you can control the pressure and area of contact. To make this position even more fun, tie your lover down to the bed before you mount her, and couple your mustache ride with firm directives: "Stick your tongue out!," "Open your mouth!," "Suck it bitch (or boy)!," and so on. Bottomy munchers will, well, lick it up.

8. Suck her into your mouth.
Gentle suction is a nice variation on the licks and downward pressure of most cunnilingus. Try sucking harder and see if she likes that. While you've got a nice piece of clit and cunt sucked in your mouth, lick it while maintaining the suction.

9. Lick her asshole.
Use a barrier for hygiene, or if she is very clean and you don't penetrate, you may choose bare tongue on skin. The asshole area is rich in nerve endings, so all the varieties of oral stimulation–licking, sucking, nibbling–can feel wonderful.

10. Plug her holes.
While going down on your lover, stick one (or more) fingers in her vagina and her asshole simultaneously. This complete stimulation of her genital region may be accomplished most easily if the receiver's cunt is at the edge of the bed and the doer is kneeling on the floor.

dymond is a GIRL'S BEST FRIEND



photography by
Phyllis Christopher

Name: Shari "Dymond" McKoy; a.k.a. "Synamon Peele"

Age: 37

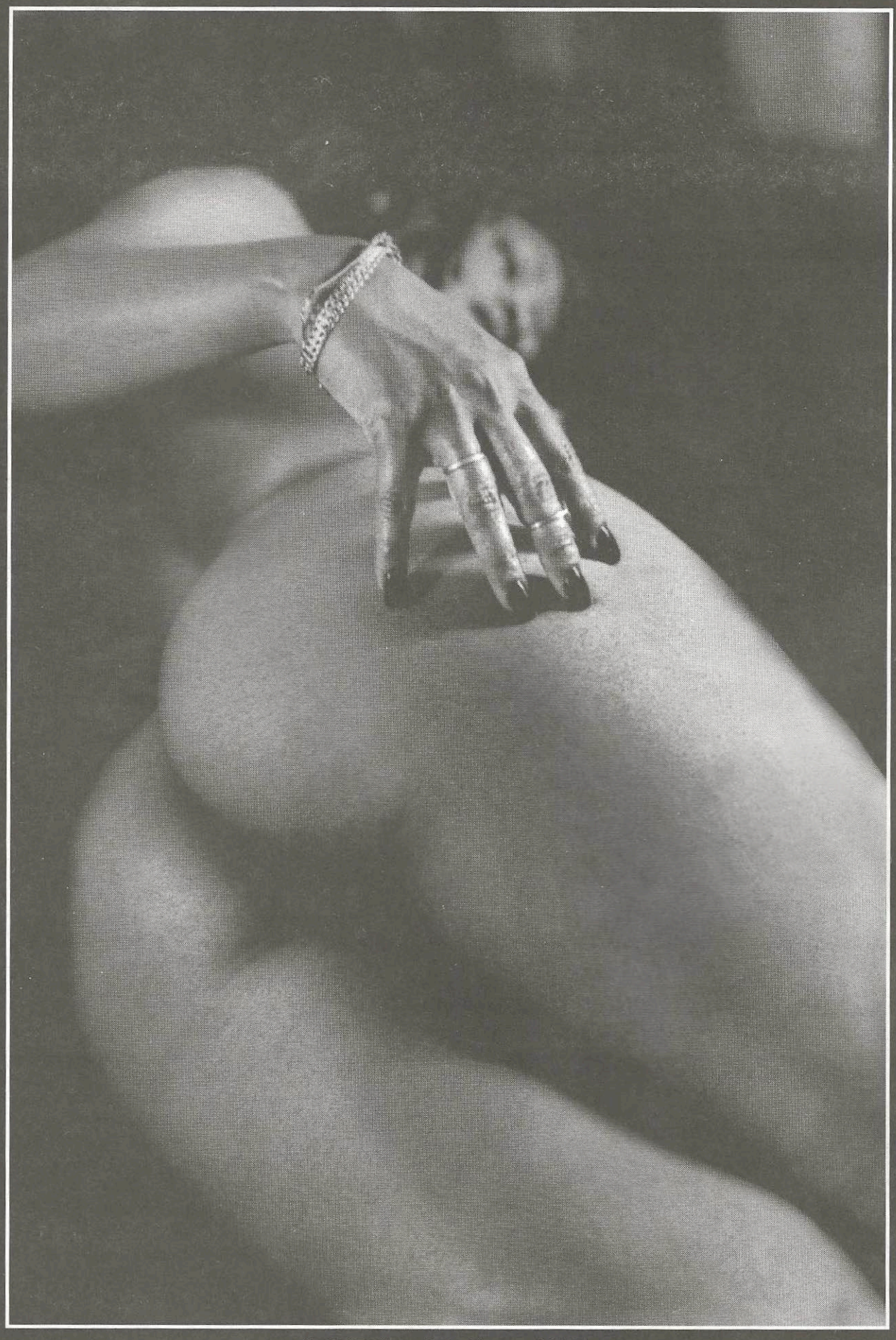
Identity: African Ancestral Femme-top Lesbian–owning the origins of my lineage as much as I own my sexual category.

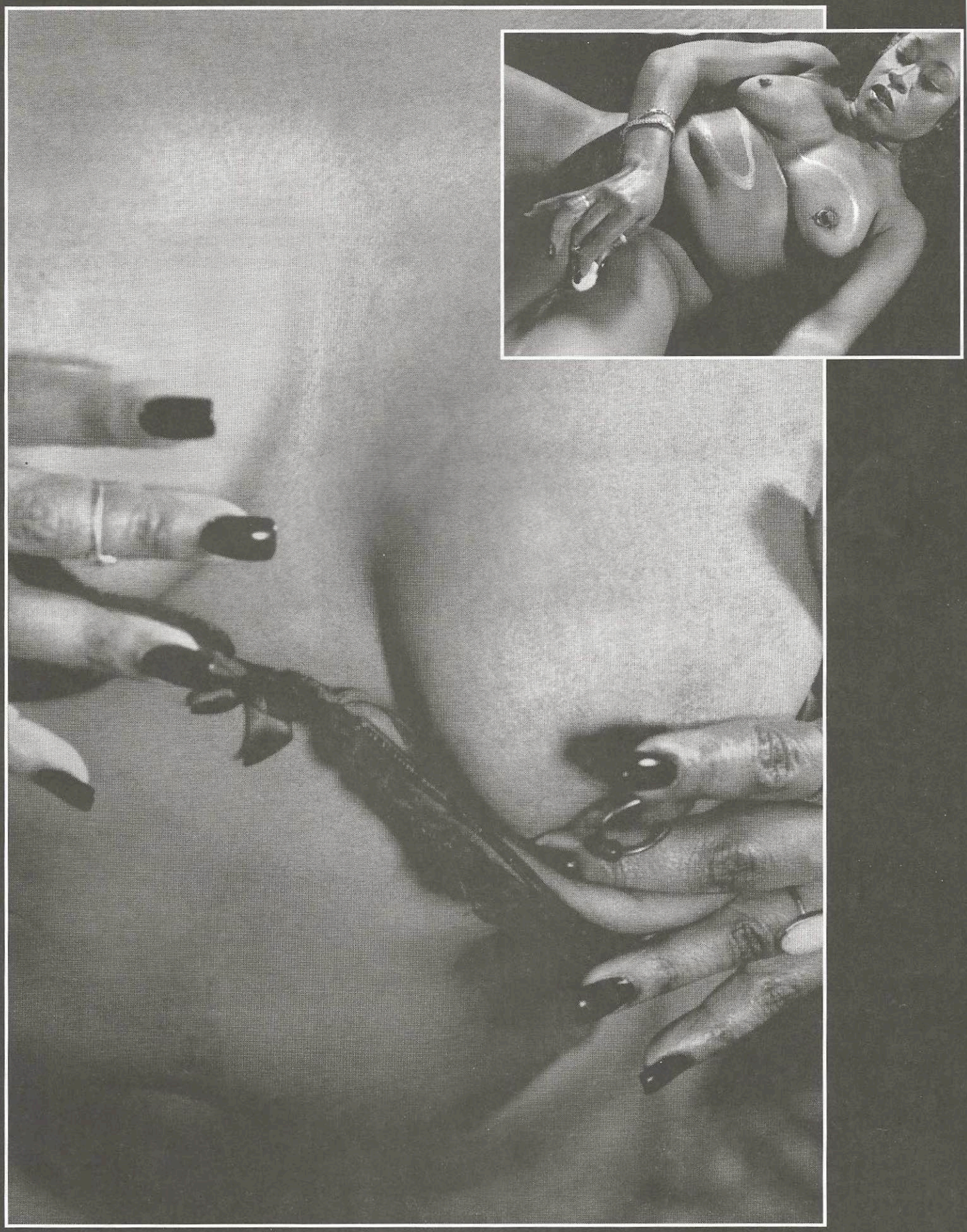
Sex act she can't live without: A slow, deep, and passionate kiss.

What gets her hot: A womyn who packs, and a womyn who enjoys that I do.

Her type: I no longer "type." Favorite flavors: womyn of color; devastatingly cocky/secure; mental brilliance; sexual openness.

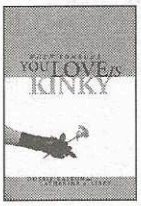
Tell us about yourself: I am known as intense, and am becoming even more comfortable with this label. I respect all things raw, intense, and real. I am doing my best to find humor in all aspects of my life. To myself I am critic, enabler, healer, and champion. I am single by choice at the moment, but am channeling the opportunity for this to change. To another I am my complete definition of a Wife: Gourmand in the Kitchen; Hostess in the Den; Whore in the Bedroom. By the way, chocolate is a favorite food and I enjoyed eating for the camera, and for Phyllis.





When Someone You Love Is Kinky

by Dossie Easton and Catherine A. Liszt
[Greenery Press]



This wonderful resource is an excellent way to come out as kinky to a friend or family member. Easton and Liszt, the team behind *The Topping Book* and *The Bottoming Book*, take their readers through the meanings (physical and emotional) of kinkiness, assuring them that they are not to blame, and giving them an overview of what kinky people do, all in a friendly and encouraging manner. Throughout, anonymous letters reveal various real-life situations, from a daughter coming out to her parents about her SM relationship to a husband coming out to his wife about his spanking fetish. While they do describe many variations of SM, they do so not to shock but to educate, and their calm, measured tone could be precisely what someone in your life needs to hear. **rkb**

bottom line . If you're kinky and want to tell someone important in your life, buy this book.

Gynomite: Fearless, Feminist Porn

edited by Liz Belile
[New Mouth From The Dirty South]

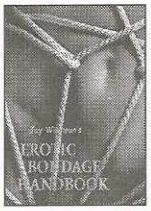
This exciting new anthology is filled with irreverence—women play games, laugh, seduce, and get it on with other women, men, and even dolls. There is no "typical" scenario in this book; whether it's a corn-dog dildo or Holly Hobbie, these ladies take porn to new heights. The writing is hot, sexy, juicy, and full of these mainly Southern women's unique flavor of language and lust. From Carlisle Vandervort's wonderful ode to ass-fucking "I Heel to Myself" to Miriam Sachs Martin's intense "First," these stories sizzle with desire and the thrill of women taking charge and going after what they want sexually. Save for a few, most are stories that could come from the author's real experiences, which gives them an emotional truth that makes the sex even hotter. **rkb**

bottom line . A powerful collection where women have fun exploring new sexual territory.

Erotic Bondage Handbook

by Jay Wiseman
[Greenery Press]

Bondage enthusiasts rejoice! *SM 101* author Jay Wiseman has compiled the most comprehensive book on the subject of how to tie someone up. Whether it's the simple trick of tying your lover's hands behind her back the right way or restraining her in a complicated four-point spread eagle, you can bet Wiseman will cover it from all angles. This no-nonsense guide explores everything from different kinds of rope and basic knots to facial bondage, genital bondage, and post-bondage emotions. In addition to rope, you'll learn about other restraining materials and how to create a full-body bondage harness. Thankfully, Wiseman also clues you in about how to get someone out of the clever contraptions you'll come up with. **tt**



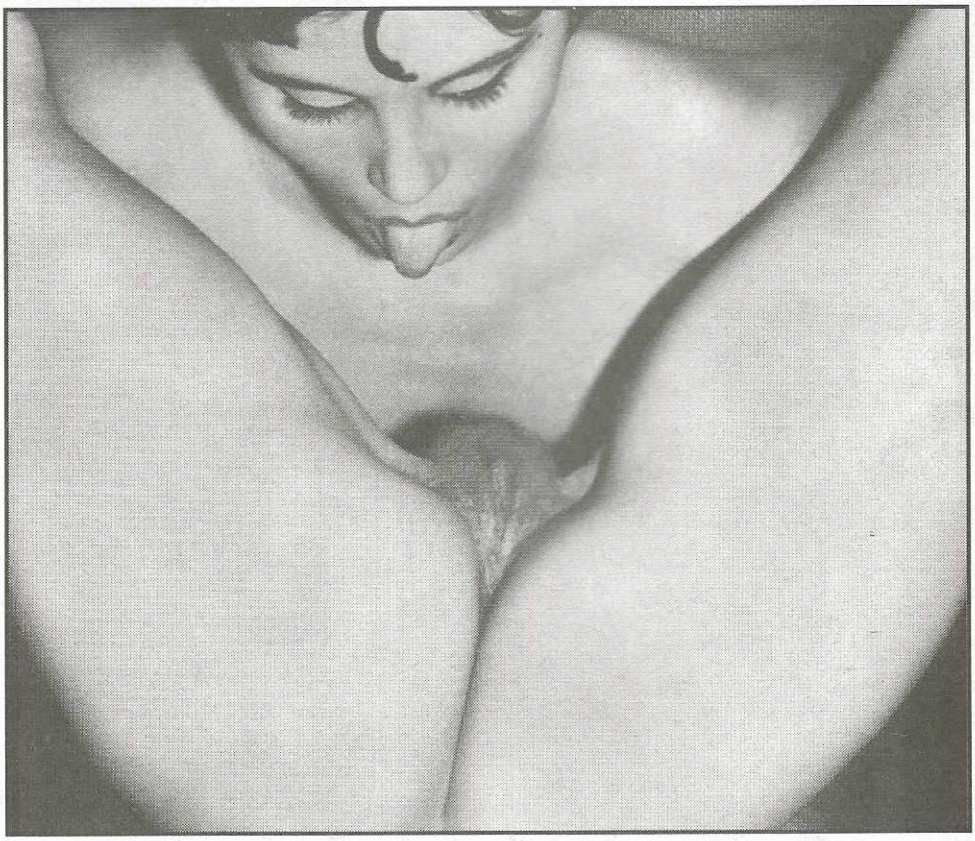
bottom line . The most extensive book to date on bondage.

Poesía Erótica Lésbica

edited by Mariana Perez Ocaña
[Les VoZ press]

Written by and for queer Latinas, this anthology contains graphic descriptions of raw dyke sex, tales of love, and stories of rebellion against a machista culture. For those looking for representations of queer sexualities of color, this collection transcends the typical fetishization that usually accompanies them. There is no unifying theme but instead a potpourri of subjects, ranging from fantasies about fucking all day on the isle of Lesbos to descriptions of butch Latinas riding their doll-faced femmes. For those with poetry phobia, don't be afraid. This collection isn't flowery or abstract and most of the selections are hot, sexy, and well written. The majority of the anthology is in Spanish so if you don't speak it, its a great excuse to invest in an English/Spanish dictionary (or find a sexy translator!). **mg**

bottom line . Sexy poetics—in Spanish!



If we could do this, we'd never leave the house. (photo from *Peek*)

review staff
mg . Myriam Gurba
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
dc . Diana Cage
tt . Tristan Taormino

Peek: Photographs from the Kinsey Institute

[Arena Editions]

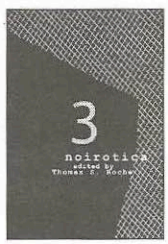
Alfred C. Kinsey stunned the moral majority of the early 1950s with the publication of his groundbreaking sexual research, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, popularly known as the Kinsey Reports. Kinsey's work showed us that our next-door neighbors were just as pervy as we were. If this collection of 125 photographs from Kinsey's private collection proves anything, it's that there is no such thing as "normal." The photographs were taken mainly between 1880 and 1960 and show human beings engaged in just about every sex act you can imagine and a few you may not have known were possible. The book is pure prurience; however, the addition of scholarly essays give it a scientific bent, so there's no need to hide it when your grandmother comes over for tea. And while not all the photos are specifically lesbo, they sure piqued this lezzie's interest. **dc**

bottom line . Proof that scientists can be kinky too.

Noirotica 3

edited by Thomas Roche

[Black Books]



Combine the pulpy plots of crime fiction with the heavy breathing of erotic fiction and you get "Noirotica." Apparently it's a good mix, because after the first story I was hooked. The quality of the writing is overall very high, and the erotic content ranges from subtle to steamy to totally perverse. Thomas Roche does a good job of interpreting the "noir" label. Not every story features a femme fatale and a smoking gun, although plenty of them do. I especially liked "Syndromes" about an anonymous personals meeting that goes very, very wrong and "Coke Call," a Michelle Tea story about a hooker babysitting her drugged-out john. **dc**

bottom line . Pulpy, mysterious, and sexy.

.the best of
lesbian sex

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review staff
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
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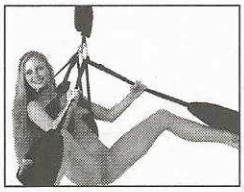
tt . Tristan Taormino

Bungee Sexperience
[Cords Unlimited, $280-300]



Its motto is "experience weightless sex," and that's not just hype. The Bungee Sexperience is a washable nylon sling with adjustable straps made from foam-encased nylon. Its construction allows you to be comfortable and secure, while enjoying a bouncing motion. The difference between the Bungee and traditional slings is that it only requires one ceiling anchor point. I got into it on my back with my legs in the air and turned over for a suspended doggie-style ride–both worked great! The Bungee comes in two different sizes to accomodate up to 250 pounds (bigger gals can custom order one). **tt**

bottom line . An affordable sling that's comfy and versatile!

i vibe
[Doc Johnson, $38.89]

The description on the box says "The quietest, most compact and technologically sound Pocket Rocket," and I'm here to tell you it's all true. It's got all the reliability and intense vibrations of the original Pocket Rocket with the bonus of gorgeous packaging. The i vibe comes in five colors–lime, tangerine, grape, strawberry and blueberry, just like iMac computers–and it even comes with its own high-quality silicone-based i lube. The lube was wonderful and it comes in a cosmetic grade bottle that's pretty enough to sit on your vanity. **dc**

bottom line . Absolutely the best Pocket Rocket yet.

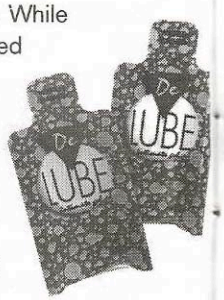
Fancy Pants
[Forbidden Fruit, $51]

The makers of this harness tell me they are selling them as fast as they can make them. It's no surprise, considering the great design. The straps are nylon, so it's washable. The O-ring snaps out to accommodate size queens, and for those of you who like realistic toys, the design allows room for balls. The waist and leg straps connect directly to the ring for total stability during hard rides. And if you've ever gotten your pubes caught behind a dildo, you'll appreciate the protective leather pad behind the ring. **dc**

bottom line . A cute, practical harness.

DeLUBE
[DeLUBE.com, $6.95]

DeLUBE brings yummy new meaning to the term vanilla sex. The lube has a vanilla scent that is designed to work as an aphrodisiac. It is completely organic and contains herbal supplements like ginseng. While many people are concerned with what's in our food, water, and air, most are surprisingly negligent when it comes to what we use at sex play. DeLUBE on the other hand is an eco-conscious product from a company that gives a politically correct reason to lube up your pussy and let the fun begin. **mg**



bottom line . A good quality organic lube with a pleasant vanilla scent.

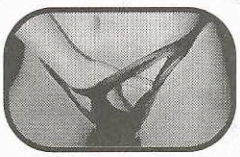
Texas Love Irons 5 Piece Restraint Kit
[Forbidden Fruit, $36.50]

For bondage made easy, check out Forbidden Fruit's Texas Love Restraints. This set of restraints allows you to easily tie your lover down while still giving her a fair amount of wiggle room. Black nylon tethers are secured to ankles and wrists with fur-lined cuffs that slide on and off with velcro strips. It also comes with a black satin blindfold, so you can keep your sweetie guessing. **mg**

bottom line . A good restraint set for light bondage play.

click.it

www.theposition.com
The Position is chock full of news items about sex, with plenty of hot features like "10 Best Lawmakers in Sex." Their content runs the gamut from Veronica Vera's tale about posing for Mapplethorpe to learning how to swing. However, The Position, which calls itself a "mainstream" sex site and is run by the folks from the Museum of Sex, tries to be both mainstream and cutting edge. If you're looking for something hot and risk-taking, look elsewhere, but if you're looking for news stories about sex in all kinds of positions, try this site. **rkb**



a sneak peek of darkplay.net

www.mindcaviar.com
MindCaviar is the brainchild of erotic writer Jamie Joy Gatto, and is devoted to "food, sex, literature, and art." Here you'll find everything from fetish fashion, cookie recipes, and aphrodisiacs to an extensive bisexual resource center and short, sexy fiction. The site is easy to navigate and full of bright, sensual images. MindCaviar has cute cartoon graphics and sexy photo spreads, plus features like Lady M's "Diary of a Submissive." If you're looking for sexy pansexual sweetness with a dash of glamour, try MindCaviar. **rkb**

www.darkplay.net
Darkplay is a new site dedicated to lesbian BDSM, fetishism, and hard-core porn. Unlike other sites, real dykes created Darkplay and are featured in its pages. Heavy on the visuals and light on text, Darkplay consists primarily of galleries featuring its creators, butch-femme goth couple Alexi and Zille. Scenes range from Alexi and Zille playing with intricate rope bondage to Zille happily jerking herself off in a pair of kinky rubber pants. One of the most enjoyable and rare treats provided by Darkplay are the many images of Alexi as a real butch top. Those with a craving to see real lesbians who like to play rough will not be disappointed by Darkplay. **mg**

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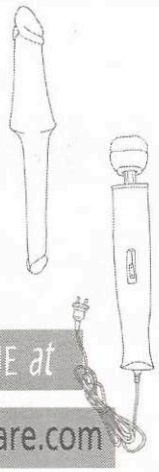

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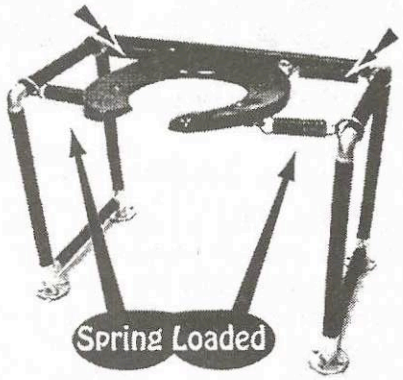

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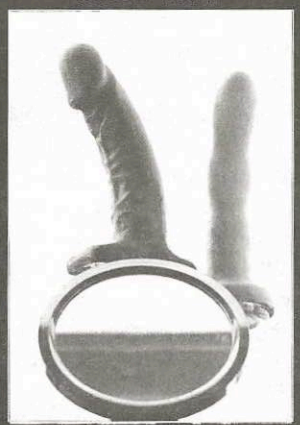

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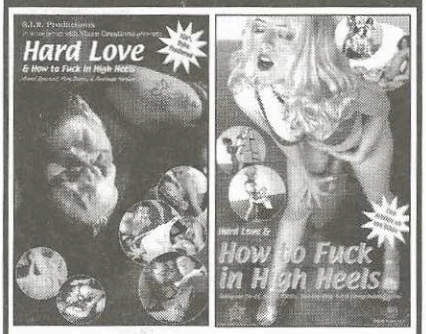

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Oscar-Worthy Porn Queens

Girls Who Give It Their All

by Laura Weide

Sexual athletes. If only Americans would give the same level of kudos to brilliant porn performers as they do to Monday Night Football *players or Olympic achievers. Why encourage the ogling of athletic bodies (which, mind you, is not only wholesome, but patriotic!) and eschew the ogling of porn-star bodies? Okay, there are one or two other differences, but the fact remains that because the subject of porn performance is sex, sexual performers don't get proper respect. Let's cultivate some appreciation for the talents of some of porn's bright stars and their stellar girl-girl scenes. The fantasy, which keeps many a male porn purveyor coming back for more, is that porn stars are highly libidinous women, just doing what comes naturally. Most viewers assume that if an actress is conveying an authentic looking orgasm in a porn flick, she is, in fact, really coming. She may be. But enjoying one's work as a porn actress doesn't mean coming every time the camera rolls. Making it look that way is an artful act. The emotions conveyed in porn (turn-on, passion, ecstasy) are like the emotions conveyed in strong conventional acting. Good porn acting isn't as much about convincing delivery of lines, though that sure helps, as the conveyance of the emotions of sex to an audience.*

Femme 2

[Vivid Video, 1998]

Chloe, one of porn's first-name-only wonders, is an amazing sexual talent. She

conveys the abandon and physicality of powerful explosive orgasms like no one else in porn. *Femme 2* not only features a classic Chloe performance, it delivers four well-done vignettes of plotless outdoor frolic. Vixens romp on the range somewhere in the Dakotas. Outdoor scenes are soaked in gorgeous natural light and actresses suck and fuck each other in horse troughs and hot tubs. Always the scene stealer, Chloe practically drowns one of the two women who, with her drenched partner-in-crime, delivers an octet of digits, to Chloe's eye-rolling amazement. While it's illegal to show more than four-fingered penetration in some states, the laws don't specify the number of hands that can be used at one time. Censorship breeds invention.

bottom line . Giddy up and rope yourself this must-see Chloe performance.

Dyke Bar

[Pleasure Productions, 1995]

Nina Hartley may be the most recognized name in porn today, and there's no doubting why. In addition to her firm, sultry confidence, infamous heart-shaped ass, and big blue eyes, she is an articulate pro-sex feminist, a sex education pornographer, and a first-rate, talented performer. Though *Dyke Bar* is a second-rate flick, Nina's scene with puppy-eyed Alice Springs is, hands down, one of the hottest strap-on scenes in a mainstream girl-girl porn movie. It's worth it to watch a commanding Nina wrap Alice around her little finger, tease her to the edge of orgasm, and leave her to whimper and moan until the explosive lavender-dick-pumping Nina takes her over the top. This scene captures the authentic pace of hot lesbian sex.

bottom line . Nina Hartley's personal favorite of her lesbian performances.

Masque

[VCA Pictures, 1995]

Asia Carrera is a multitalented actress in all senses of the word, able to capture a range of characters and sexual emotions. *Masque* opens with a mustachioed Carrera speaking frankly to us in 1920s gangster drag about her crush on her best friend Marcy. The playful rumpled-sheets truth or dare with boyfriend Alex Sanders captures a sweet lover's connection, and the intimacy of their sexual response is a rare treat in a porn movie. Carerra's jazzy seduction of her high school friend (played by Juli Ashton) is tantalizingly well-paced.

Carrera packs realistic heat, and she knows how to use it. The superb acting in this flick is consistent and refreshing, as is the portrayal of warmth and good humor among six friends who are itching to sleep with each other (though not in all combinations; what makes straight porn "straight" is that there is no sexual touch between men). It's an excellent movie about voicing fantasies and realizing them. Lots of hot het sex and notable lesbian scenes.

bottom line . Asia Carrera does drag in this gender bendy Halloween story of three het couples fulfilling kinky fantasies.

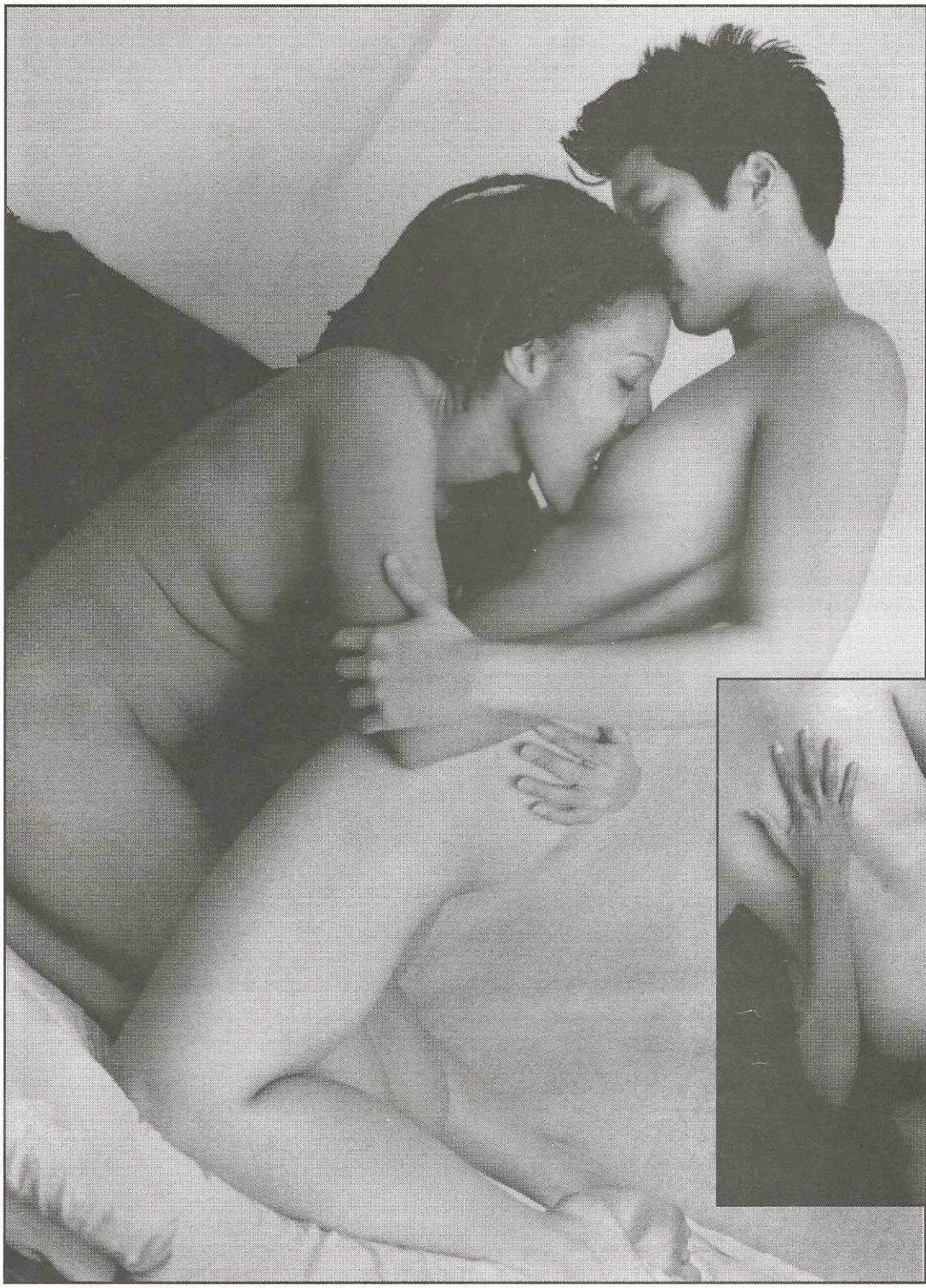
Michael Ninn's X-treme Close-Up: Blondage

[Vivid Video, 1995]

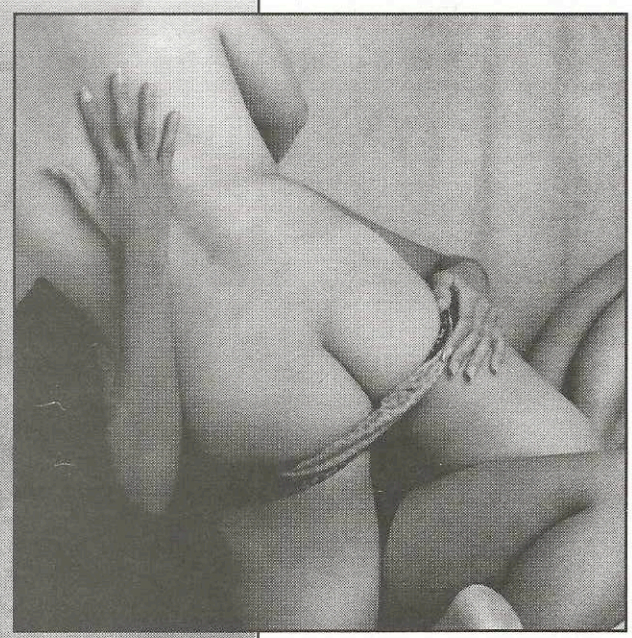
Big hair, bare skin, bump and grind, and rock-and-roll–*Blondage* is the nineties superstar strip-act of *real-life lovers* and porn stars Janine and Julia Ann. Pornographer Michael Ninn blends documentary and porn fantasy scenes in this look at their relationship, their act, and the kinds of sex their fans would want to watch (the movie is peppered with Julie Ann having sex with male porn stars). Janine has the rare distinction in the pantheon of porn stars of never having sex with men on screen. She also has the largest female fan club (go figure...). Particularly enjoyable are the scenes of Janine and Julia Ann clowning in the kidney-shaped pool, talking about their relationship, and savoring poolside cunnilingus.

bottom line . If you're inexorably drawn to gossipy tabloids, you'll love this insider's view of Janine and Julia Ann.

Naked Desire

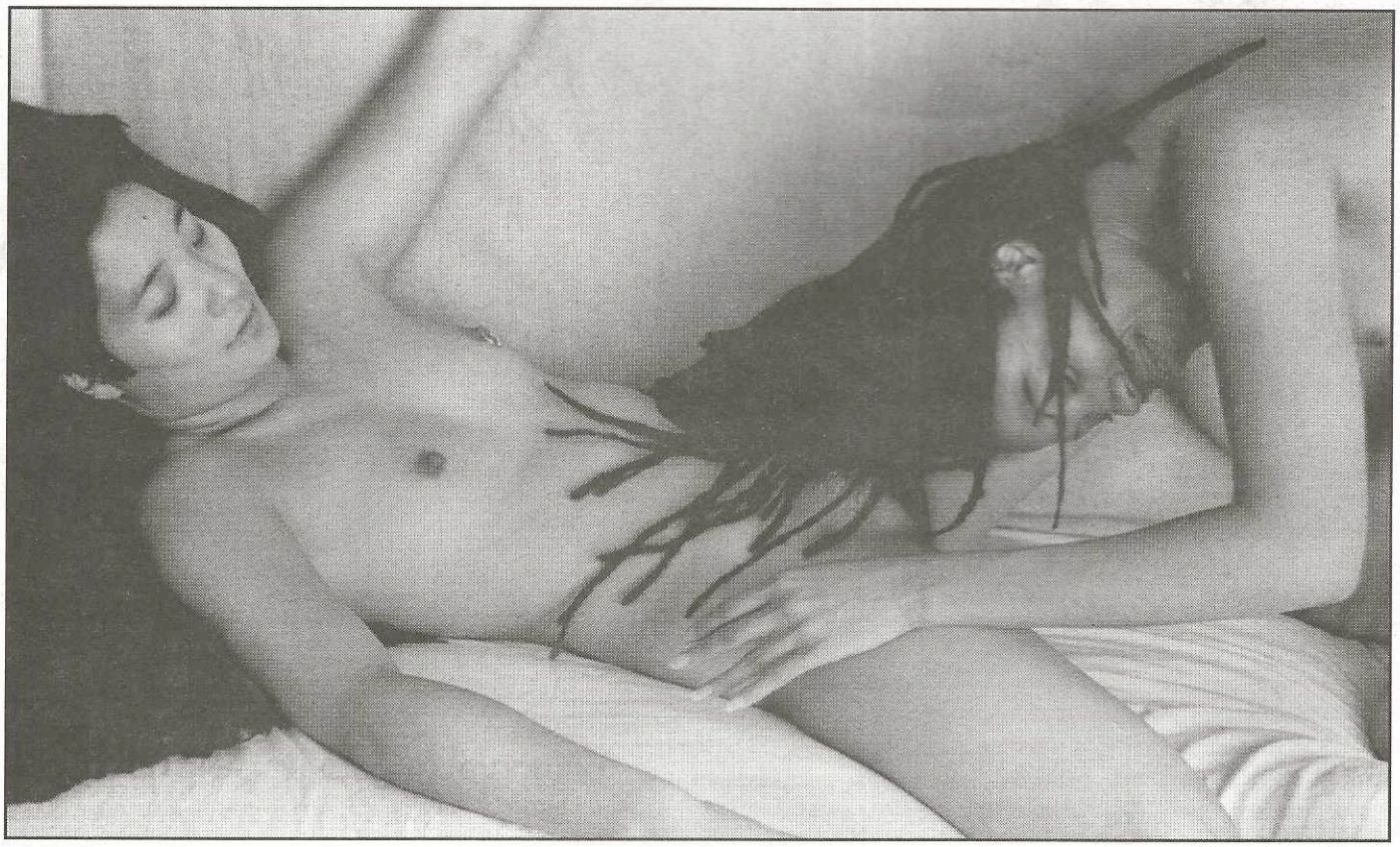


Siobhan and J.J. lock lips



photography by Michele Serchuk

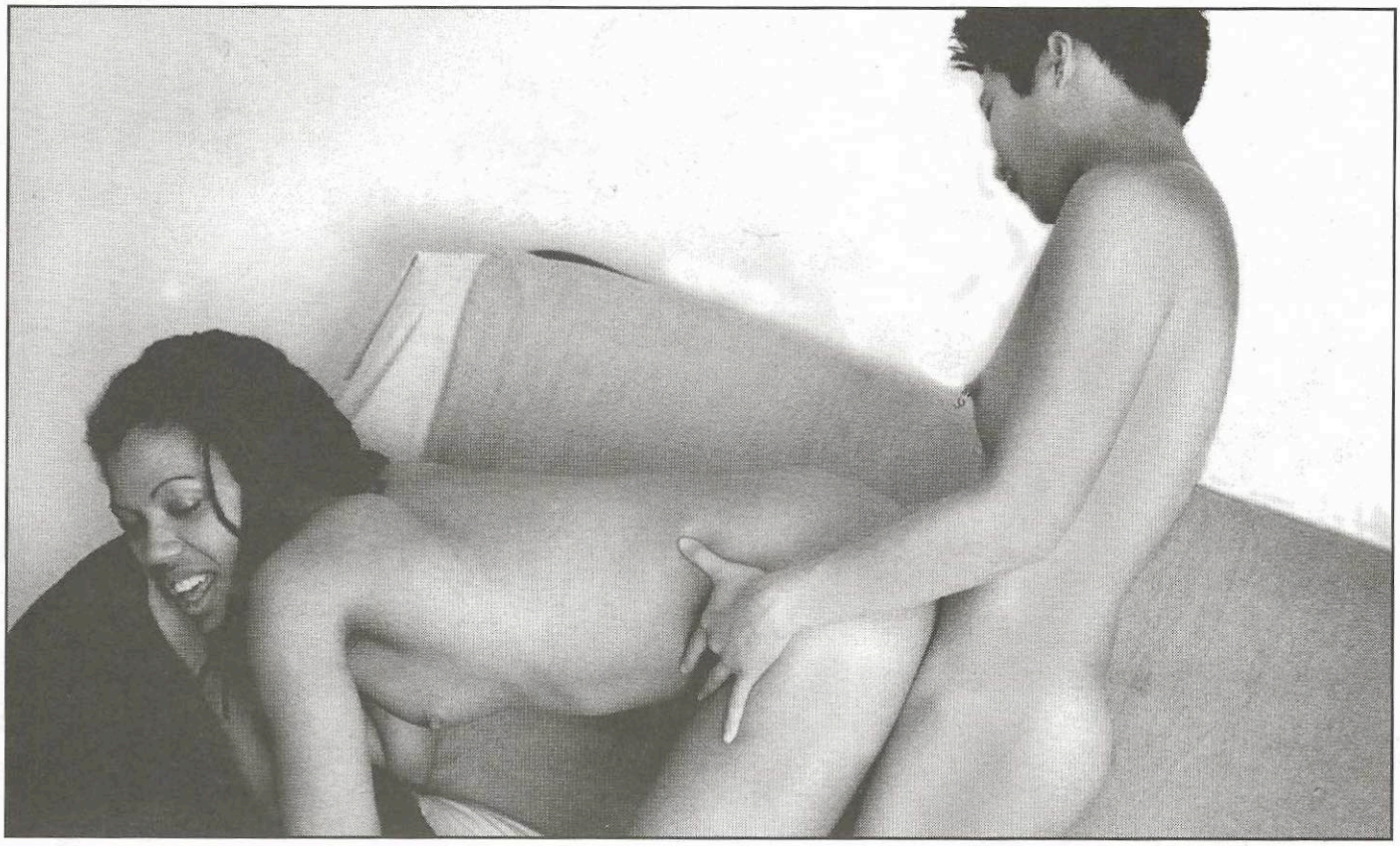
J.J. had been away for over a month, traveling on business, and Siobhan missed her intensely. As a homecoming surprise, Siobhan planned a romantic evening at home.



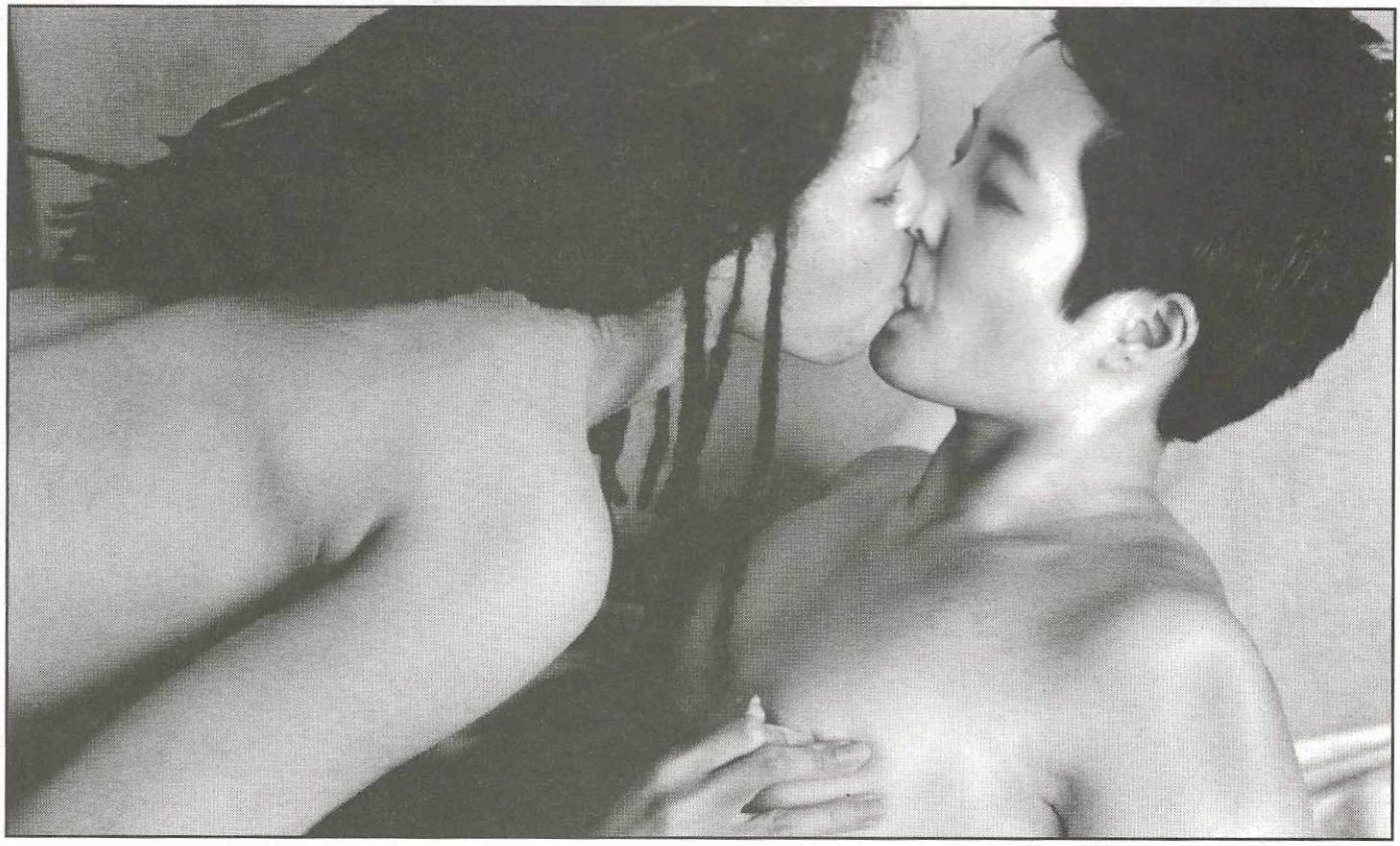
When the two reunited, they couldn't keep their hands–or their mouths–off each other. They made love for hours. Siobhan savored every inch of J.J.'s body.

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX



J.J. dove between her lover's legs, licking, sucking, and tasting her–as if for the very first time. tt



Cartoon Coochie

Colleen Coover draws girly porno comics

by Diana Cage

Colleen Coover is the artist and co-creator of Small Favors *an erotic comic book that focuses entirely on cute girls having sex. Of her work, she says, "I wanted a comic about girls who were in love and having sex and happy about it! So I made one."*

Women are often the main characters in erotic comics, but the typical, overendowed bondage queens and timid schoolgirls are of little interest to us lascivious lesbians. Like most traditional porn, erotic comics fall into the "by men, for men" category. Luckily, Colleen Coover has come along and given us some happy, horny comics of our very own.

Colleen Coover

What inspires your work?
I love comic books and I love pretty girls. Pretty girls make people happy, and I want to make pretty girls happy.

What do you think makes good porn?
It's vital to me that the people in porn, real or imaginary, are having FUN! In comics, there really wasn't too much porno that I enjoyed. Much of it leaned towards being mean and shameful, and none of the characters seemed like real people or seemed like they would be fun to have sex with. Porno time should be a happy time!

Why do you draw naked girls?
There is nothing in the world more attractive then a pretty girl, so there is nothing more worth drawing. My work is the natural evolution of me wanting to draw as many pretty girls as possible.

What is your favorite thing about naked girls?
Titties! Especially the cute, little, perky kind with hard, pebble-like nipples that poke out to say, "Hello!" dc

To see more of **Colleen**'s naked girlies write to: Small Favors, P.O. Box 2751, Iowa City, Iowa 52244.

SHE'S SO PRETTY!
I SHOULD JUST GO OVER THERE... GO OVER AND TOUCH THOSE LITTLE TITS.
DREAM PANELS!
HELLO, NEIGHBOR.
LET'S GET YOU ALL NAKED AND READY FOR ME.

LOOK AT THIS PRETTY, PRETTY PUSSY.
MMMM.
EAT!
SO WET! PRESS YOUR LITTLE PUSSY AGAINST ME!
LET'S SEE HOW NASTY MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR PUSSY CAN BE!
BACK TO REALITY!
BLUSHING FACE... WET LITTLE PUSSY... LITTLE NIPPLES... OH!

The Dykes of *Live Nude Girls Unite!*

by Rachel Kramer Bussel

photographs courtesy of First Run Features

San Francisco filmmakers Julia Query and Vicky Funari made moviegoers across the country open their eyes to the plight of sex workers with their film Live Nude Girls Unite!, *about the battle to unionize the Lusty Lady strip club, as well as Julia coming out to her mother as a sex worker.*

The film takes viewers through the many stages of union organizing and battles with management over unfair labor practices, as well as into the lives of the women who work at the Lusty Lady, humanizing the face of sex workers and giving a more accurate view than the usual talk show stereotypes.

Funari is a documentary filmmaker and former sex worker. She has written about her experiences working at the Lusty Lady in Jill Nagle's anthology Whores and Other Feminists. *Query, a comedian, has worked at the Lusty Lady for five years, and plans to attend graduate school.*

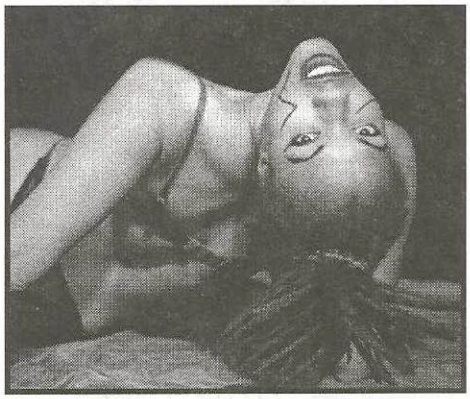
OnOurBacks: You said in the movie that you decided to work at the Lusty Lady because it would be the most lucrative way for you to earn a living. Were there any other considerations? Had you considered stripping or doing sex work before, or was it just the money?
Julia Query: It's not only money, it's also the flexible hours and schedule, which would be hard to find at most other jobs. I also work as a comedian and need to have a flexible schedule and not work a 9 to 5 job. But it's a funny question because people don't ask other blue collar workers why they chose their specific work, like why a garbage collector chooses to do that versus another job, it's not even questioned; they only ask that when it's the sex industry. For me personally, it made sense because I'm an exhibitionist.

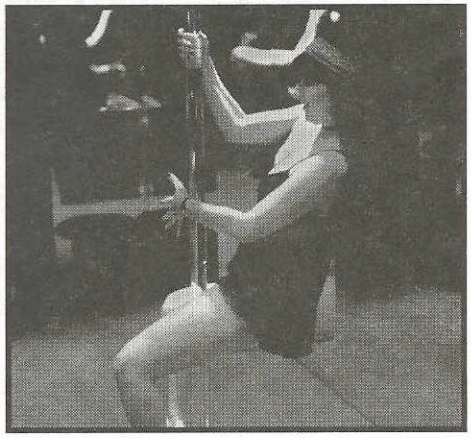
And at the same time, I know a lot of women who are strippers who are not exhibitionists, who are not that outgoing, so those aren't factors for them. Women choose to be strippers for lots of different reasons, and it's not always about their specific personality.

OOB: What made you want to work at the Lusty Lady?
JQ: Well, I'd heard about its reputation, but that was really just hype promulgated by the management; there wasn't anything that cool about it when I started there. Carol Queen and a lot of other people had told me what a great place it was to work at, and maybe it was when Carol Queen worked there, but when I started there in 1996, it wasn't any better than other clubs, except that it's a peep show so there's no physical contact with the customers. It wasn't this cool, feminist place to work—not when we didn't have sick days and had to find someone to replace us who had lighter skin and bigger breasts. The managers were women, but beyond that it wasn't a good place to work and certainly wasn't feminist.

OOB: How soon after you started working there did you decide to make the film?
JQ: When we started meeting and decided to form a union, I decided to document it, and all the other workers were very supportive of the film and wanted to be involved.

OOB: Do you get women customers?
JQ: Sometimes. A lot of times girls will come in with their boyfriends, and it's obvious from their body language that they don't really want to be there. At those times I say to them, "You don't have to be here,





Stills from *Live Nude Girls Unite!* (Filmmakers Funari and Query center.)

you can leave, and you can leave him if you want to." I don't want someone to be there against their will. But when women come in, all of the strippers, many of whom are lesbian or bisexual, are especially attentive.

OOB: How has working at the Lusty Lady changed since you made the film? Are people who come there recognizing you?
JQ: Yes, they'll come and tell me, "I've seen your film," and I say, "Great, and now you can see my pussy." Sometimes people are curious and want to talk to me and I just want to dance. The shifts change every week so they can't call and ask when I'm working, they just have to show up.

OOB: Is the work easier because you're a dyke and so there's no potential attraction to your customers?
JQ: Well, it's a job and that's how I view it. I don't think that the straight women I work with want their boyfriends lumped in with all the customers. But yes, on some level it may be easier for me to be a dyke in this industry, because I don't have to go home to a guy after dancing for them all day.

OOB: Is it sexual for you?
JQ: No, it's my job, but after about four hours of faking having an orgasm, usually I'll have a real one. That's especially when I use a real vibrator, not a fake pink plastic one, but one that I'd really use. I'll get really into it and show the guy how to make a woman come.

If I'm meeting my girlfriend after work, I'll think about her and what I'm going to wear on our date and what we're going to do, and in that way it will be erotic for me. I'll use my shift as a time to prepare for our date and fantasize.

Sometimes I'll talk to my customers, I'll say something like, "So, it's Saturday night and you're here watching me, so I guess that's kind of like having a date, and I didn't even know I had a date tonight." I like to talk, so I'll ask them about their lives. In the regular booths they pay quarters to watch me dance, and I can talk to them but because of the music playing they can't hear me. In the one private pleasures booth, they can talk to me.

OOB: The interactions between you and your mom, and your different viewpoints about sex workers, seem to epitomize the feminist debates about the issue, with your mom taking a more seventies, protectionist view and you taking a more nineties liberationist view. How do you see that tension playing out in the larger world? Does it break down by age?
JQ: I don't think it's an age issue at all. I've been really happy to have gotten support from feminist organizations, and there are plenty of older feminists who understand that sex work is work, that it's a job. And there are younger feminists who feel that sex work is degrading. We got a grant from the Third Wave Foundation, which is really great, because at 32 I'm an old stripper, but I'm still a young feminist.

OOB: In the film, your mother, Dr. Joyce Wallace, is very much against you being a stripper. How does she feel now?
JQ: Ever since the first time she saw the film, she's been totally supportive of it and of me. She wishes people would ask me more often about the film than stripping, but she's totally supportive and has come to screenings.

OOB: Vicky, how did you get involved with the film?
Vicki Funari: Julia asked me to work on it because she'd seen my film *Paulina*, and she didn't even know that I had also worked at the Lusty Lady. I got involved at first to help shape the story of Julia's childhood and to add humor.

OOB: What made you choose to use humor to tell the story?
VF: With a topic like sex work, where people are already put off, and trying to cover such a large field, we had to use humor to get people to want to see the film. For most people, to just hear that it's about a union and sex work and feminism, it might not seem like something people would want to watch, and we wanted to reach a broad audience.

OOB: It seemed like in parts of the film the audience was being asked to side with Julia against her mom, and almost to laugh at her mom and see her as old-fashioned.
VF: Well, I think that's very interesting, because I think who you choose to side with in the film is very subjective, and we deliberately made it that way. That was something we really had to consider, and we didn't want to only show one viewpoint. And Julia's mom is not against sex work.

people **don't ask** other blue collar workers **why they chose** their specific work, like why a garbage collector chooses to do that versus another job, **it's not even questioned;** they only ask that when it's the **sex industry**.

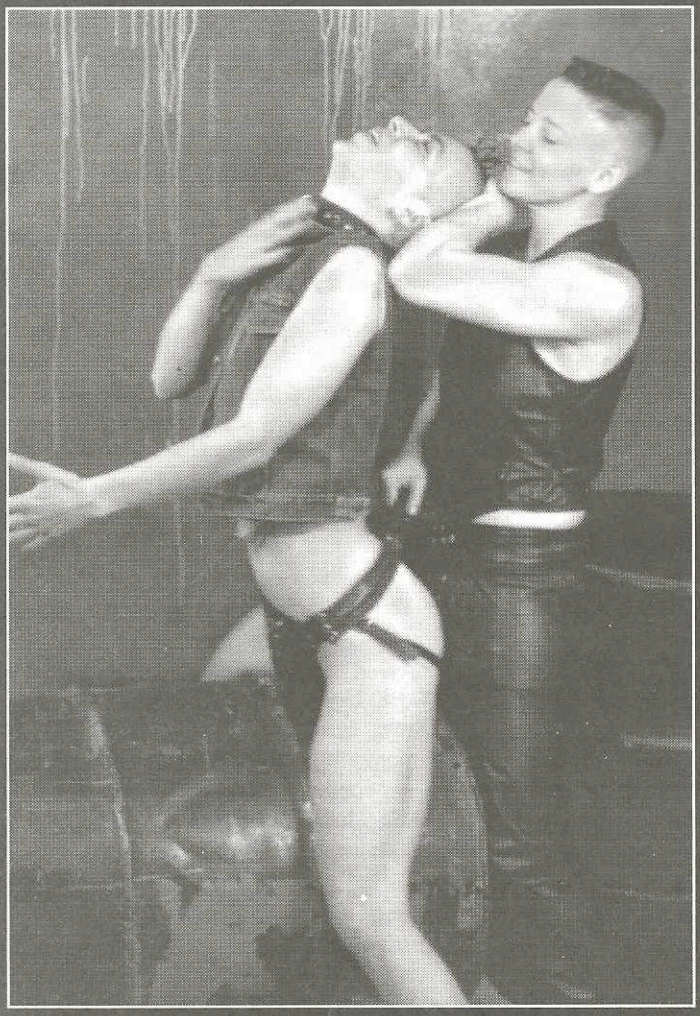
We didn't want to decide for people, but to let them form their own opinions. Julia and her mom are both strong, outspoken Jewish women, and we were given the gift of having Julia coming out to her mom and having her mom participate in the film.

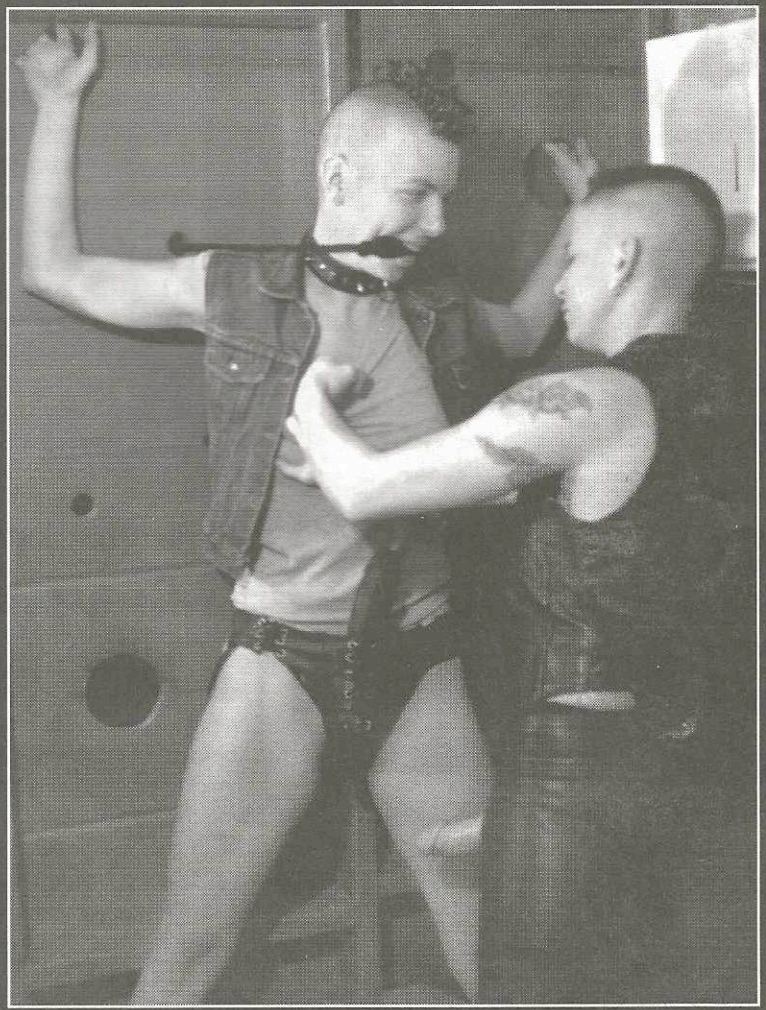
For more information about the film, visit http://www.livenudegirlsunite.com.

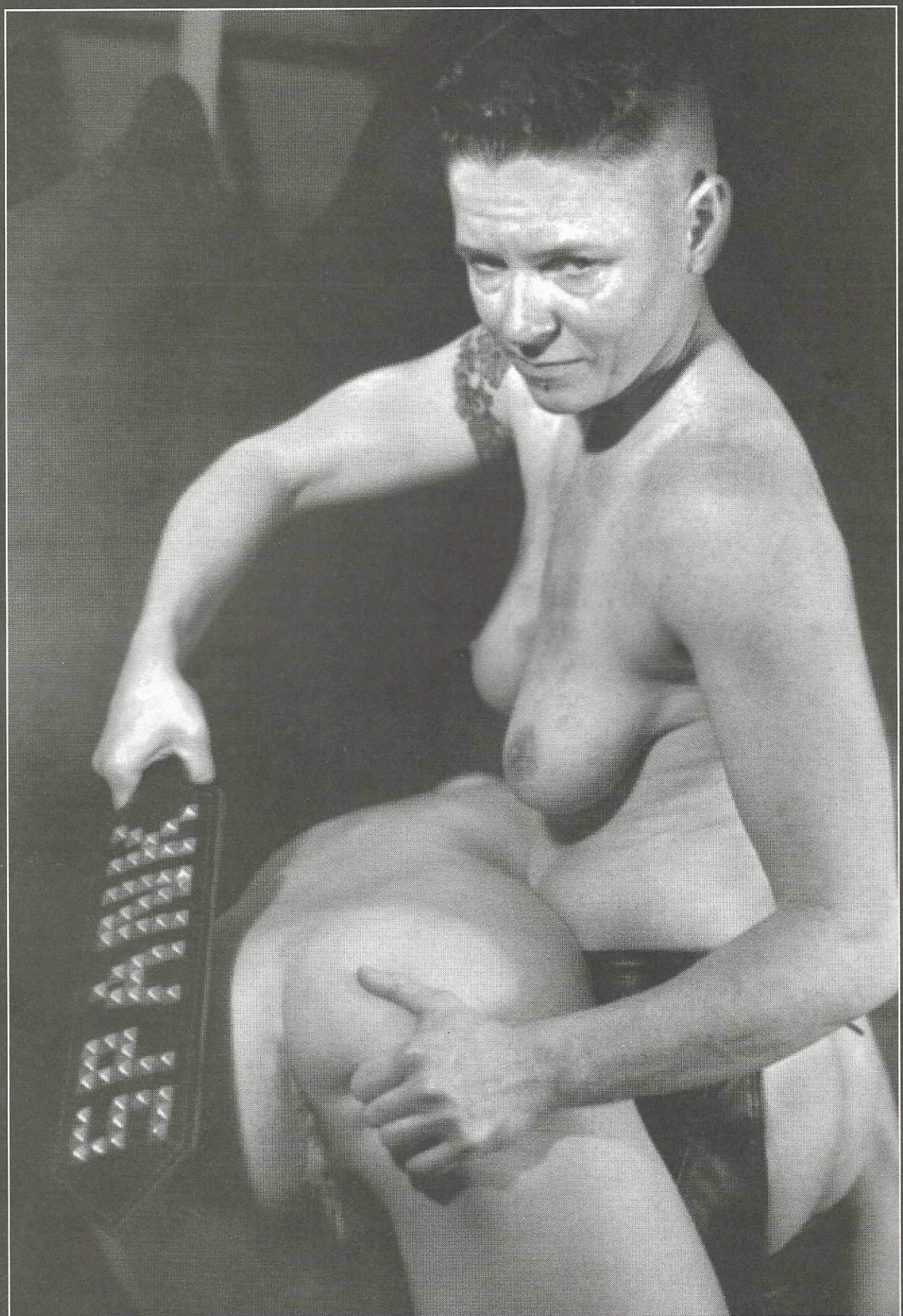
leatherdyke Lust

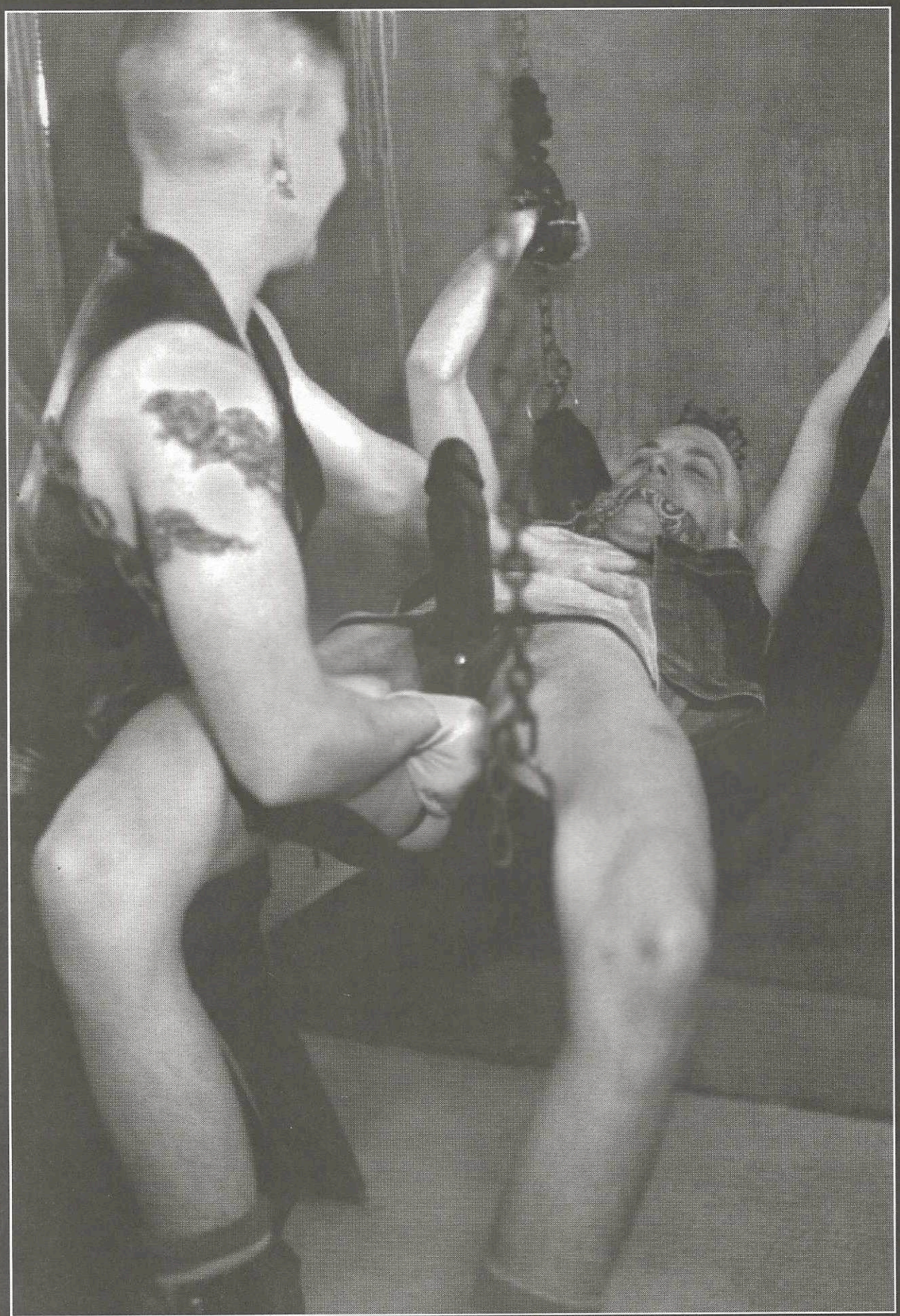
Red and Egidio enact a Daddy/boy fantasy

photography by Darlene Weide

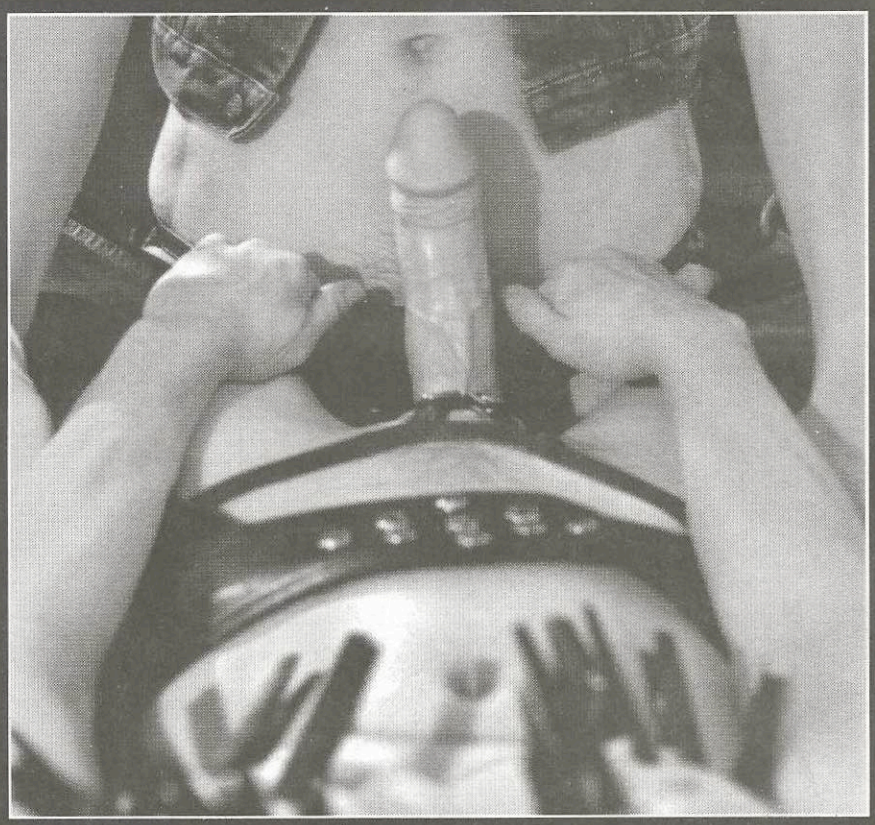


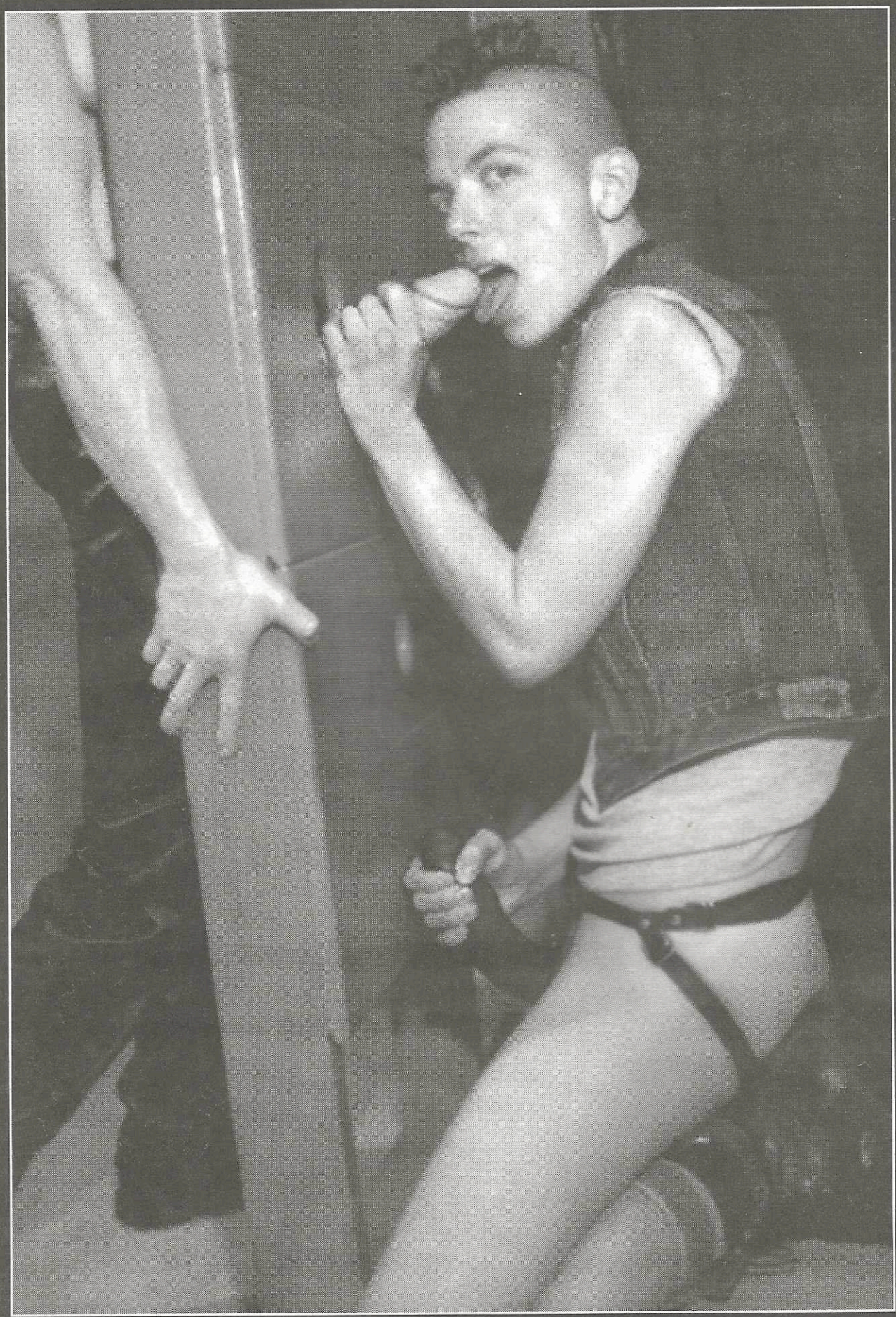


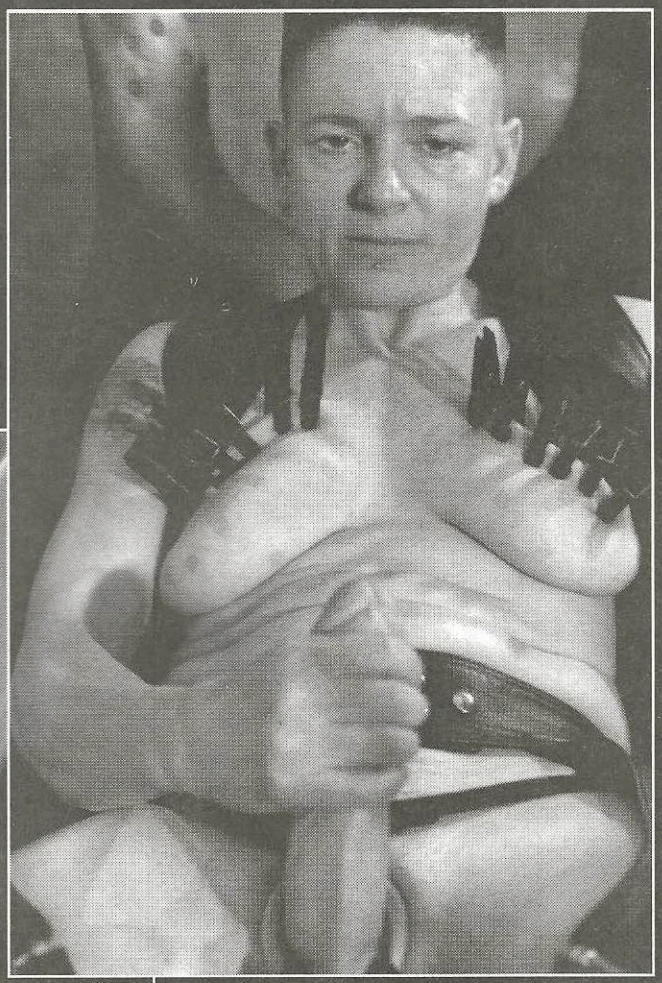


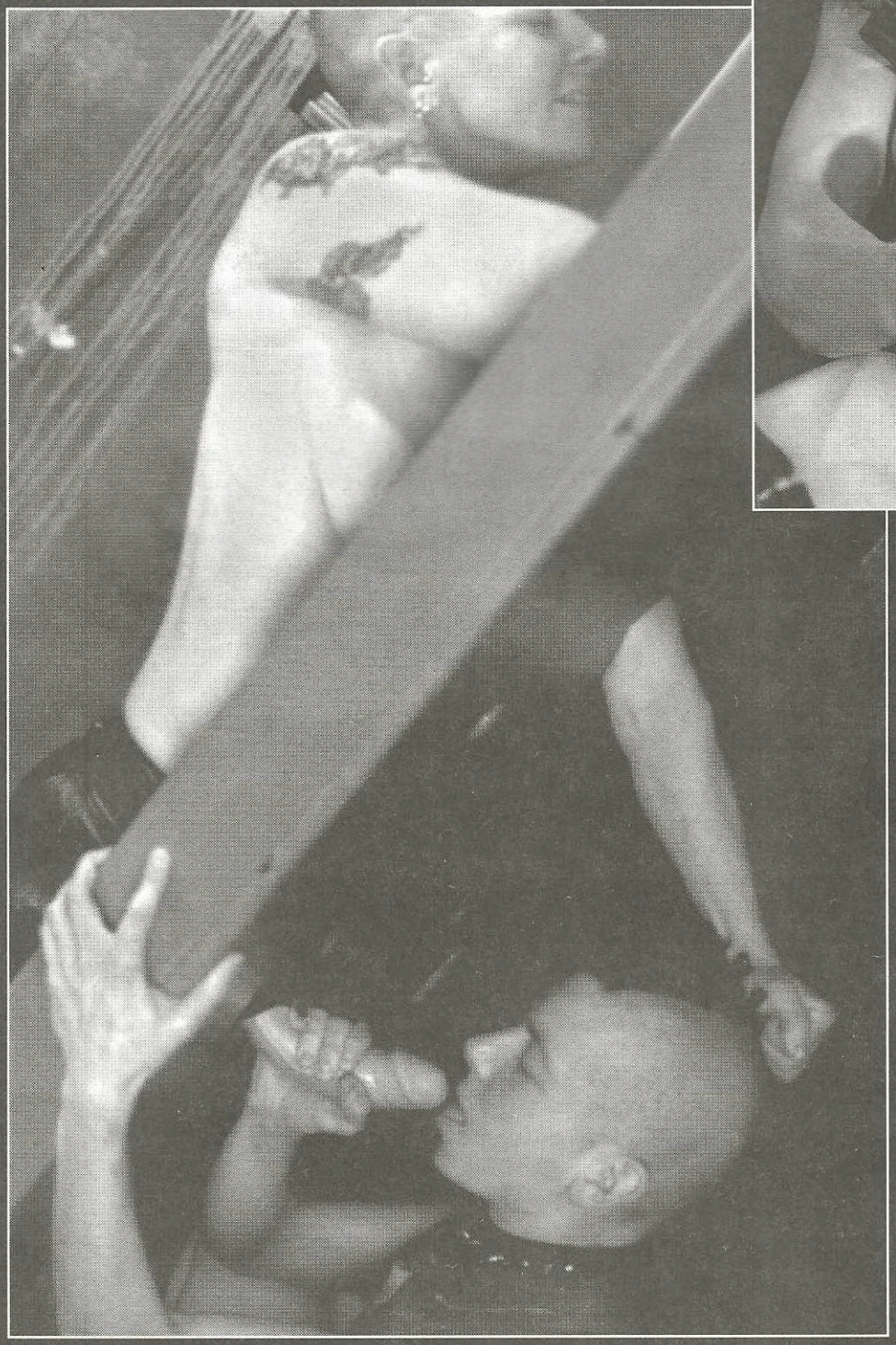


Sir Red had one thing on her mind when she arrived at the sex club: find a willing, submissive boy to enact her forbidden fantasy. Egidio approached her, dropped to her knees, and asked permission to lick the top's boots. "Boy, do you want a Daddy?" Red asked. "Yes Sir," Egidio replied politely.









Red grabbed Egidio by the scruff of her neck and dragged her to the glory holes. The boy enthusiastically sucked her Daddy's cock until Red was ready to explode. After a nice hard flogging, they moved to the sling. Red lubed her gloved hand and worked finger after finger into Egidio's sweet ass until she had all five fingers inside her. Egidio panted, "Daddy, please give me your whole fist," and it was music to Red's ears. **tt**

beenalongday

by Madame Pleasure • illustration by Suzy Malik

I'm tired and I'm cold. It's been a long-ass motherfucking day. I slam the door of my truck and fumble with my keys in the dark, searching with numb fingertips for the one that will unlock my house.

My house is dark. I shrug out of my leather jacket and drop clothes like bread crumbs in the hall. Marking my path to the bedroom. As if. There won't be any followers tonight. Have not been any followers to my bed in longer than I care to remember.

Naked, now. Chilblains making the hairs on my arms stand straight up and my nipples hard as ice blocks. Nipple ring standing to attention, awaiting inspection. Crawling between the sheets is agony. Ecstasy. Cold and smooth. I am asleep almost the moment my head touches the feather pillow. The phone rings. I'm cocooned under the bedclothes. I can hear it, but it's more effort than I think it's worth to put out one hand and find the phone. It rings. I ignore it. It rings again. "I'm ignoring you," I say aloud. It stops. I nod, pleased at its acquiescence. I'm asleep again. It rings. Now I'm pissed. One hand darts out from the covers, on a search and destroy mission. I pull it back under the sheets with me. What the fuck do you want? Did I actually say it aloud? Or am I dreaming?

There's a voice answering me, so it must be real. The voice belongs to a woman. Which one? I mutter something unintelligible about calling when it's daylight. Click. I throw the phone into the corner. I'm asleep. I'm kind of asleep. I'm awake. Mostly. It's still dark. There is someone else here. My nose is awake. I wear men's cologne, and I know the difference between this smell and *my* smell. And I know to whom this smell belongs. The she-voice comes back to me. Am I dreaming? If I am, that fucking phone better not wake me. This is a good dream. There's a warm body next to me. And it smells like her. My still-cloudy brain registers a quick reference to "She Who Must Be Obeyed" and I am asleep again.

There's a hand on my face. Silky little fingers tipped with sharp nails. I am groaning. A hand on my chest. Playing the line of muscle there like a harpsichord. Strumming one nipple lazily. Tuning an instrument. Tuning me. My throat makes the requisite sound.

Somewhere in the back of my head I wonder if I'm in the right key. There's a hand between my legs. The she-voice tells me I am sleeping and to pay no mind to her hand on my clit. Easier said than done. She's stroking it, fingers on either side of my hood, backing it up and down like learning to parallel park my old Chevy. Up and back. Little to the left. Up and back. Little to the right. I'm growling. Same as groaning. Sort of.

There's long hair brushing my chest. It tickles. I know better than to move. God forbid I wake up. A warm mouth opens on my D-ring, the cold steel is hot in seconds. Tugging. Yanking. I'm resisting, pushing my back into the mattress to heighten the tension. The warmth dissolves. Now I'm freezing. Cool breath on my still-wet nipple makes me shudder. The same finely honed nails rake lazily down my abdomen. My hips thrust upwards to meet them. I am moaning. I think I say her name. Must have. I'm rewarded with a stinging slap. Then another. My cheeks burn and my eyes water. The warm, wet mouth kisses it better. Sharp teeth torment my cheekbones. My jawline. I tilt my head backwards into the pillow. Offering my throat. The most intimate gesture my body can make. Please. Hurt me. She does. The tiny, teasing tip of a tongue makes a warm, wet cross at the base of my neck. *X* marks the spot. Pointed teeth slide from my chin to the hollow of my throat. No pain, just pressure. The pressure of perfectly even, perfectly sharp incisors. I am begging. I cannot help it, have no desire to stop. Anything but. She breaks the skin. In two places at once. Two tiny punctures in the soft skin of my neck. Two fingers in my soaking wet cunt. Pleasure. Pain. My heartbeat has a new rhythm. I come. I know I am coming. The bed is wet and I am screaming. There is no cover. Nothing to warm my still-shivering body.

I do not dare to open my eyes. Soft touch on the inside of my calf. Jingling. Leather with metal. My harness. I lift my hips in response to a hard prod. Yes, my harness. It fits snugly, same as ever. One hand snakes down to touch my dick. Reassure myself that the latex has not somehow withered with lack of use. That my ever-ready dildo, my best friend, has not developed impotence in the nightstand drawer. Atrophy of the underused. A bulldyke that can't get it up. Could anything be more sad? I manage to grip the head before soft fingers turn cruel and slap away my hand. Enough to reassure me. Nope. Still rock hard. More gallant and persevering than I, my friend. In my mind, I doff my hat to my head. This thought makes me chuckle. Not for long. A tendril of hair tickles the inside of my thigh, and without nerve endings, I know her lips are closing around the tip of my cock. I stiffen. I can feel warm breath against my pubic bone and I am shuddering. In my mind, I can see her face. Reddened mouth circling my dick; hollowed cheeks; long black lashes against fair skin. Without thought, both hands come out of self-imposed restraint to grasp her hair. Pushing. Pulling. Soft and malleable beneath my hands, she yields to me. I am fucking her face. I swear to God, I feel her. The head pushing against the back of that tender throat. Warm and wet. With all my might I hold her still and thrust my hips up to meet her. Harder. I hear her moan against me, and that is more than I can stand. Every muscle in my body tenses, and I am coming again. I can almost feel the liquid sensation. One hand wraps in her hair and pulls her face away, imagining spraying that face, that exquisite neck.

Fingers still wrapped in acres of long, silky hair, I pull up to my knees and push her back in my place. Pushing velvet thighs apart to kneel between them, her ass against my knees. Letting go of that mane and pushing against her chest, that fragile breastbone, fingers splayed wide. My other hand grasps my dick, and I am stroking it. Jacking myself off between her widespread thighs. She is crying my name. Taming of the Shrew. Your turn, bitch. My hand finds her cunt. Two fingers in and she is hungry for more. The head of my cock finds her clit. None too

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Adventures in Capitalism

by Muffin Dobson • illustration by DZ

Good software engineers are studs. The other programmers look up to them. Just like apes, the highly skilled programmers are the alpha males. When you are working on a project, you have your team of engineers and everyone is important, but the head of the team, the guy who can write the really smooth code, he's the head ape and everyone knows it.

I like that I get to be that guy. The other guys like it too. It's funny how a group of ex-frat boys with degrees in computer science can get used to having a dyke around. They get a kick out of me. They joke around with me about girls; make comments about the ass on the new admin (so high you could set a drink on it).

We have a few things in common, these Silicon Valley boys and I. Rebecca, for instance. Every single member of this team wants to fuck her, including, or maybe I should say especially, me. We may all have the same cropped haircut and Gap khakis, but I've got an in that the rest of the boys don't. Rebecca, bless her perfect ass, prefers muff. I'm sure of it.

I haven't told the boys. I hate to break their little hearts. They'll never believe it anyway. What the hell do they know about dykes? They think all dykes look like me: cropped hair, khakis, and biceps.

I've been lingering around her desk a little too much lately and I think she's caught on. Not that she hasn't thrown a few looks my way. I noticed her skirts got a little tighter after we were introduced. She prances around the office; hand-delivers memos to me whenever she gets the chance. She sends me e-mails asking if I need any office supplies. I ordered some of those little rubber fingertips, as a not-so-subtle hint. Apparently she got the joke, since my fingertips never showed up.

It's Saturday morning. Software engineers work on Saturdays, especially when they have a product that's about to go to beta and it's still full of bugs. I may make a shitload of money, but I work my Gap-clad ass off for it, I assure you.

So here I am, at work on a Saturday, and lo and behold, so is she. Something about catching up on some filing. *Uh-huh. Right.* No one else is here. We have the place to ourselves. Looks like that bug isn't going to get fixed before we go to beta. Oh well. E-commerce can wait. I'm about to make one overpaid administrative assistant earn her keep.

She's not in her normal uniform. Baggy jeans and a T-shirt have replaced her usual bitchy skirt-and-pumps ensemble. No bra, I can just make out her nipples. She's uncharacteristically demure, almost shy, pretending to work at her desk. She barely nodded when I came in. Acted like it was the most natural thing in the world to be here on a Saturday. I'm hunched over my screen, determined not to make the first play when I hear her walk up.

> I can feel her heat and **wetness** against my face. **"You bitch,"** she whispers **"Hurry up."**

"Hey Samantha, I was going go grab something to eat, do you want something?" Her voice is husky. It's obvious she has something on her mind besides lunch.

She's got her hands on her hips. Her long brown hair is down and a little messy. She's not wearing makeup. She looks edible. She looks delicious.

"Um, yeah, how 'bout a Coke?"

"Whatever you like."

"Wait, here's some money." I reach into the pocket of my jeans and pull out some wadded-up bills.

"Just get me when I come back." She says, and saunters out the door.

I certainly can't work. In fact my crotch is already damp and my mind is clouded with thoughts of her hair, her face, her body. I'm tempted to blow off the whole thing, sneak off to the bathroom and get it over with, do it myself, come back to my desk, and get to work. But Christ, who am I kidding. All I want is to be knuckle-deep in pussy. I want to hear her whimper, feel her cunt squeeze my hand as she comes.

When she finally walks back in, I nearly jump her at the door.

"Here's your Coke," she says. And for a moment I imagine she spills it. I see her T-shirt sticky and wet, clinging to her breasts, her nipples hard through the fabric. But no, this is not a porno flick. This is my life. She sits down on the edge of my desk, a little bit too close.

"So, Rebecca," I say, "What the hell are you really doing here on a Saturday?"

"Waiting for you to show up." She grins at me as she says it.

Who needs foreplay? I like a woman who gets to the point.

"C'mere," I say as I stand up to face her. I wrap my hand around the back of her head, pulling her hair a little as I kiss her. She presses her mouth hard against mine and then pulls back and bites me. Hard. A drop of bright red blood wells up on my bottom lip.

This is going to be fun.

I run my hand across her breasts, over her T-shirt. Her nipples are stiff. Her breasts are very small. Her body is incredibly soft. I am afraid of bruising her, or maybe I want to. Her hair and skin have the same amazing scent, a musky floral. I press my face to her neck and bite her. I am pleased to see a half moon of bluish teeth marks when I pull away.

"Oh God. Sam, I have wanted to fuck you for ages. What the hell took you so long?" Her voice is very breathy. Femme fataleish. I know it's an act. I don't care.

"I don't know. Maybe I know better than

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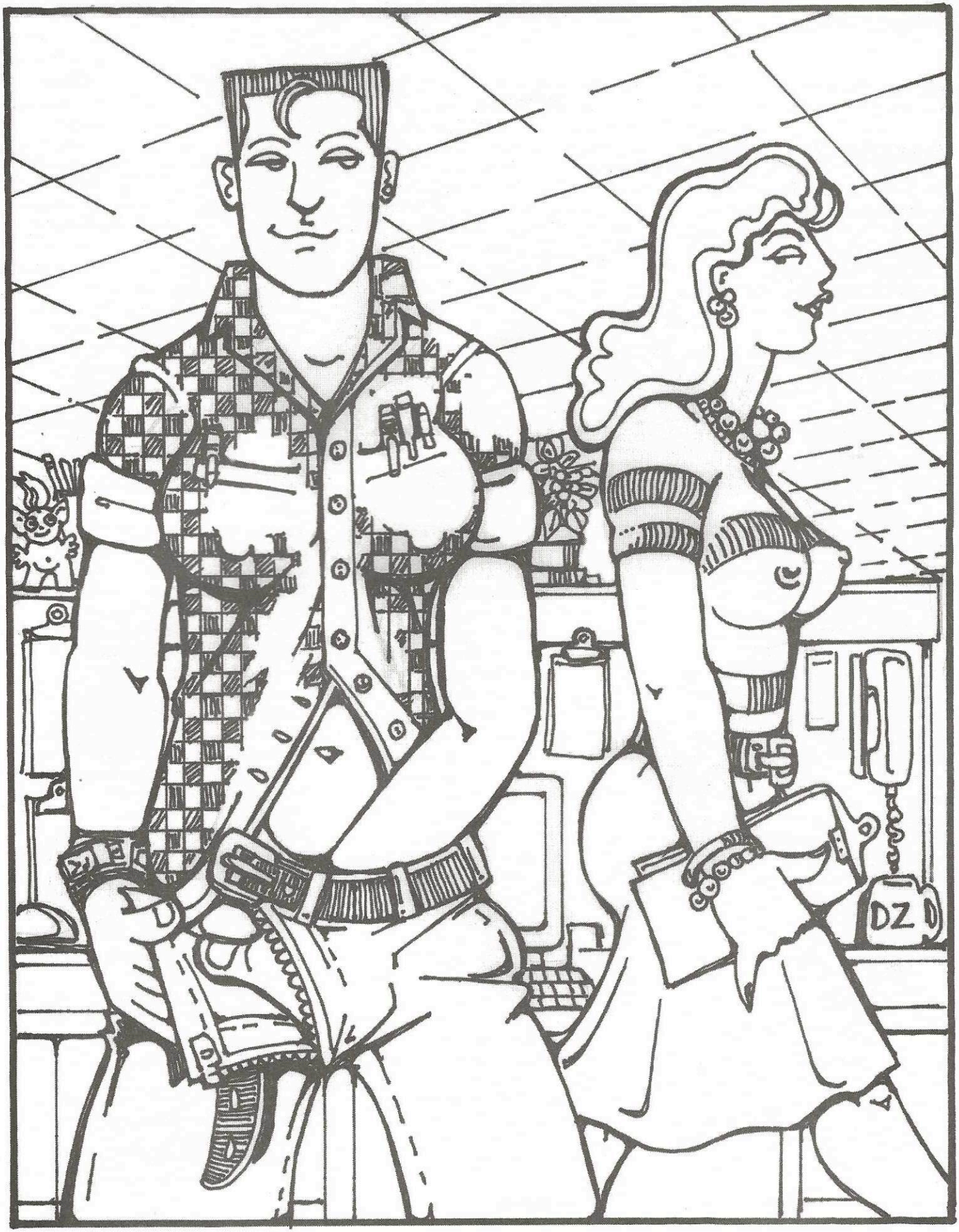
DZ

continued from page 39

been a long day

gentle slaps in just the right spot. Now. I do not want to wait. It has been too long, and this is too much. All of me, all of my dick is inside her. My free hand finds her face and covers her open mouth. Go ahead, scream. Hell, bite me. I will just fuck you harder. My conversation is all in my head. The only sounds reaching my ears are muffled grunts and cries. Mine? Hers? Both? My other hand takes a full span of her ass and pulls it up, off the bed, up to me, onto me. She is coming. This sound I know. I am coming. This sound, I have forgotten. Ragged breaths. She is finished. She thinks she is finished. I have another immediate aim.

I pull out to the tune of her whimpers, and push my fist against her suddenly empty pussy. Just pushing. Not going anywhere anytime soon. Maybe. The tease is as much for me as for her. My hand is covered with her. Wet. Slick. Her. No more teasing. With one hard thrust I am inside her. No slow and easy folding of the fingers, just one hard, solid fist. Take it. She does. She closes around my wrist with a welcoming scream. Too deep? Sorry, baby. Take it again. And again. The knuckle of my thumb hits her urethra and hot piss soaks my arm. That's a girl. Show me how "restrained" and "in control" you are. Now come. She does. Hard.

She is sobbing, now. Holding her. My arms cradle this woman-child. I am rocking her, soothing her. The air is cold and the blanket is too far away. I cover her with myself. The warmth is sufficient for both of us. I am asleep. At some point in the darkness, I awaken and cover both our chilled bodies with the sheet and blanket that were discarded. One arm rests protectively around her waist, curling under her and hauling her back into me. Her ass to my stomach. Stay. Good girl. It's morning. It must be morning. At no other time is intense sunlight such a pain in the ass. Eyes half-closed, I grope around in the empty bed, searching. My arms hurt. Hell, everything hurts. No, nothing there. On dead legs I stand and make my way to the bathroom down the hall. Too weary to sit, I piss standing up, one hand against the wall for support. I trudge back down the hall and stumble back to bed, pulling the covers up to my chin. Still fuzzy and numb, I roll over and reach for sleep. She'll come back. She always does.

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adventures in capitalism

to fuck girls I work with." As I finish my sentence she steps back and pulls off her T-shirt. Yum. No more second thoughts. Oh God. I think I'm in love.

I push her backwards and down, onto the floor. She practically loses her balance, but catches herself, lands softly on her butt with her hands behind her to catch her fall. I grab the front of her 501s and pull. Her fly opens right up. She groans a little as I pull her jeans off, raising her hips to help me. She's in just her panties, a little breathless, quivering with need and lust. This is why I love femmes. Their desire, the way they respond to being touched. Her skin is superconductive. She tingles everywhere my fingers touch her. I want her so bad it's almost sickening.

I spread her thighs and press my face against the cotton crotch of her panties. She wiggles against me and cries a little. She tries to press her crotch against my face but I hold her thighs apart, directing the action.

She practically snarls at me. "Fuck, Sam, put your fingers inside me. Now."

I press my tongue against her clit, lightly, through the fabric of her panties. I can feel her heat and wetness against my face.

"You bitch," she whispers "Hurry up."

Her pussy is wet right through the cotton. I hook a finger under the crotch and pull it to the side. Her lips are puffy and swollen.

"Don't worry, Rebecca. I'll fuck you, I promise." I blow lightly on her clit and then lick it slowly, lasciviously. She grinds her ass into the floor and exhales loudly.

She's impatient and I can't help but enjoy torturing her a bit. I run my fingers lightly across the swollen slit of her pussy, barely tracing her clit. She moans with pleasure and jerks her hips. Finally I can't wait any longer and push a finger between her lips. She sighs loudly and pushes back against my hand. She's so wet and open that I decide to venture another finger. It slides in easily and I can tell she wants yet another. *Okay babe, you asked for it.* I withdraw my hand for a second and then push three fingers in her cunt. She begins to buck her hips against my hand and I can feel her body tensing. I love how badly she wants me.

I curl my fingers upwards and press them against her G-spot while my thumb lightly flicks her clit. The sounds she makes as she rides my hand are exquisite. Suddenly, I'm afraid it will all be over too soon. I slow down my movements, pace myself. She opens her eyes and groans in protest. Inspired, I grab her by the hips and flip her over.

"What? Oh no, don't stop," she moans, but I insist and eventually get her on her stomach, back arched, with that perfect ass in the air, just begging for attention. I lean over her and stuff four fingers into her pussy from behind. She is so slippery that I am able to slip my thumb into her ass. She moans loudly and I decide to go for it, sliding it in a little deeper.

"Oh fuck, Sam, don't stop. Whatever you do, don't stop."

She's fucking my hand like crazy. Four of my fingers are in her pussy, my thumb is moving in and out of her ass and she's pushing back against me for all she's worth. My arm aches from thrusting. My fingers are cramping and I am afraid of losing the rhythm, when suddenly her whole body tenses and her pussy clamps down on my hand. She's making noises, not words exactly, just utterances. Monosyllabic sounds. Fuckfuckfuckfuck. OhGodOhGod.

I can feel her pussy crushing my hand. It's almost painful. The feeling in my crotch is incredible; I could almost come just from her cunt on my fingers.

"You are incredible," I say. "Come for me, baby. You're beautiful." I whisper encouragement until she finally calms down. Her body twitches, like miniature electric shocks are hitting her. When she relaxes, I carefully withdraw my hand from her soaking cunt. She turns around to give me a look, like a bad little girl, and then curls up tightly against my body.

"How exactly are we going to work this particular relationship out," I say, as I stroke her hair. "How am I going to get any work done with you around to distract me?"

She just smiles in her naughty-girl way and presses her hand against the soaked crotch of my khakis.

"Who the fuck cares?" I think. E-commerce is overrated anyway.

cheers + jeers

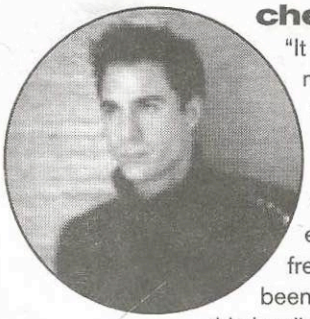
cheers.

"There haven't been a lot of women in *Playboy* who look like I do. I am not the norm for beauty. But this is who I am and this is beautiful."
WWF star Chyna in Playboy

jeers.

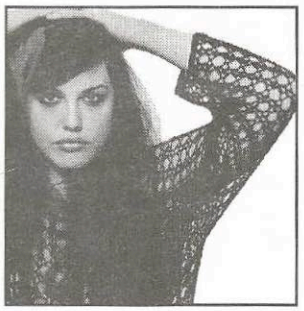
"Just as we encourage our children to say 'No' to smoking and drugs, for the same reason we parents should have the courage and right to tell our children 'No' to homosexuality."
Director of Concerned Women for America of Oregon, Suzanne Brownlow in the Referenda on Homosexuality

cheers.



"It was a huge moment for me and my friends when we all admitted that we masturbated. It was very freeing: We had been living with this horrible guilt."
Eric McCormack in Cosmopolitan

jeers.



"I admire [Li'l Kim's] attitude, but she should cover herself and be more ladylike."
Mia Tyler in People

cheers.

"Me and my sister would practice kissing when we were little...[My sister's friend] who was two years above us at school, told us, 'When kissing, one person sucks and the other one blows.' Me and my sister used to get in her bed every night and practice blowing and sucking."
Elizabeth Hurley in Mr. Showbiz

jeers.

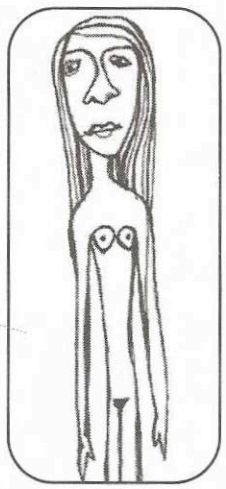
"We don't need magazines running up and down the sidelines taking pictures of Heather Sue."
Statement made by Fred Chatham, Duke University assistant football coach. The following season Heather Sue Mercer was the first athlete ever cut from the squad.

cheers.

"I'd like to see what its like to be a man for a day...it would be fun to be a different sex!"
Amber Valleta in Mr. Showbiz

jeers.

"I'll starve myself again for the sense of power over my body. It's almost an erotic feeling...Feeling better about your body is extremely sensuous."
Georgie Binks on Salon.com



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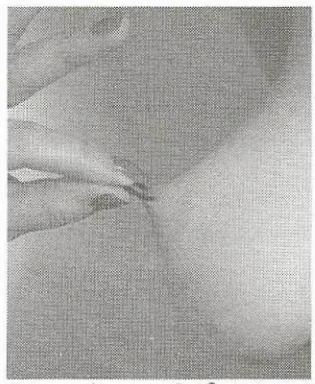

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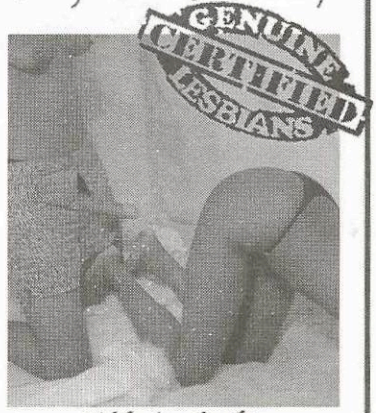

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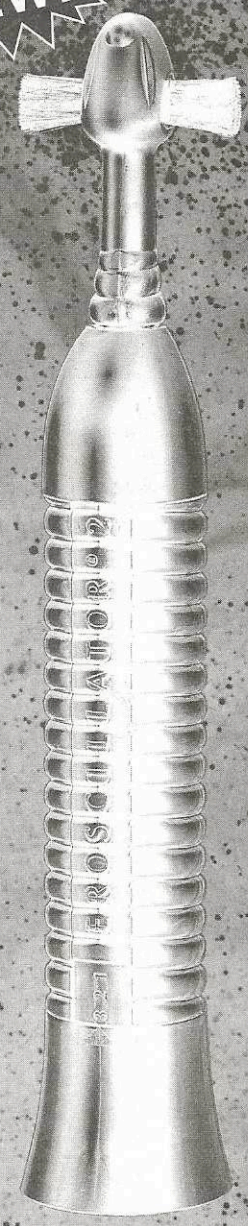

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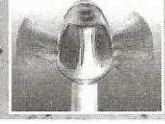

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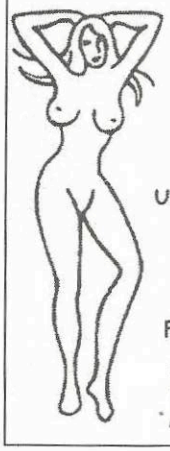

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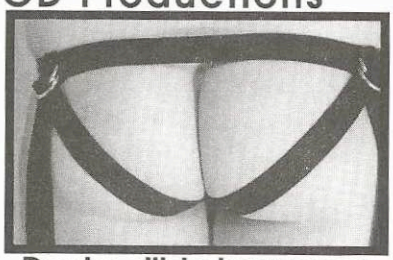

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Which historical figure would you **Fuck?**

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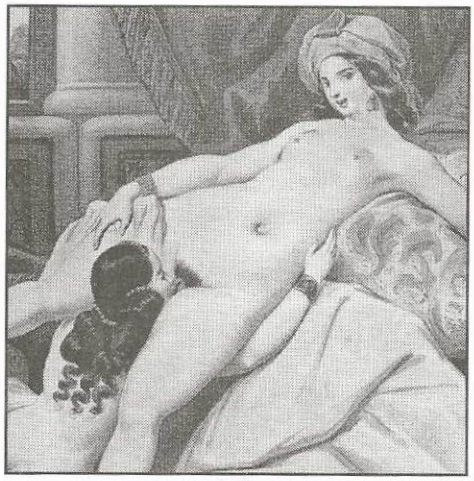

Mile-High Club

I should have been Amelia Earhart's copilot. I dream of stroking her short, wind-ruffled hair, slipping my hands into the warmth beneath her leather flight suit, and bringing a different light to gray-blue eyes so often fixed on limitless horizons. Through clear sunlight and towering clouds we would soar, shedding Earth's restrictions; and, if at last we went down on some uncharted spit of Pacific sand, for all our remaining nights I would fly her to the moon. *Sacchi*

Lady Sings the Blues

Billie Holliday. I bet her skin was as soft as her voice and her will as strong as her songs. What would I do? I see her as more of a comforting liaison. No rough and ready, just soft, well-placed kisses. A warm tub, a sponge bath. Some soft music and candles. Then to the kitchen to eat some cake and drink some wine. After that, a warm bed with a down comforter. *Jennifer*

Bend Over Boyfriend

I'd particularly enjoy getting it on with Frederick Barbarossa (Holy Roman Emperor, died 1190). It would be so riotously satisfying to strap it on and make him my bitch! I'd want full access to all the hot Byzantine princesses in his court as well, of course. *Heidi*

A Randy Dandy

If I could go back in time, it would be to 1811, when Anne Lister was 20. Lister was an extensively travelled aristocrat who wore men's clothes in private, had numerous affairs with women (many of them married), and left volumes of her explicit diaries. The best thing about Lister is that she was obviously great in bed: her diaries record nights of passion with "eleven kisses" (her code word for orgasms), plus struggles with her lovers' spouses, who were always having to wrest their wives back from Lister's addictive embraces. I'd like to run around nineteenth-century Europe with this practiced lover, who at night would undo my corset, lift my petticoats, and make me forget all about my husband. *Ana Lingus*

Pussy Potpourri

Do I have to pick just one? That doesn't seem fair. Cleopatra comes to mind. Power baby, and mysticism, and, oh–how about Oh Mighty Isis? Medusa, but only if I can be a pillow queen and keep my eyes closed. Boticelli's Venus, definitely. And how about Mary, Mother of God, when she was going through her "wild stage"? And Emily Dickinson would look cute in fetish gear–all black of course. *Gyrlwonder*

Gentlemen Prefer

Marilyn Monroe! God she was hot! Back then, a voluptuous actress or model was well appreciated. I know I've often fantasized of sucking on those luscious breasts. Most times I'll dream of strapping on a dick and riding her all night! The way she sounded with her little girl voice the Daddy/Girl role would play so perfectly! *Lily*

Give It to Me N.O.W.

If I could bang any historical woman, my choice would be an obvious one–Gloria Steinem. She was hot, she was hostile, and she liked her mini skirts. If a woman wears a "cunt power" button, hers can't be so bad. *Shanno*

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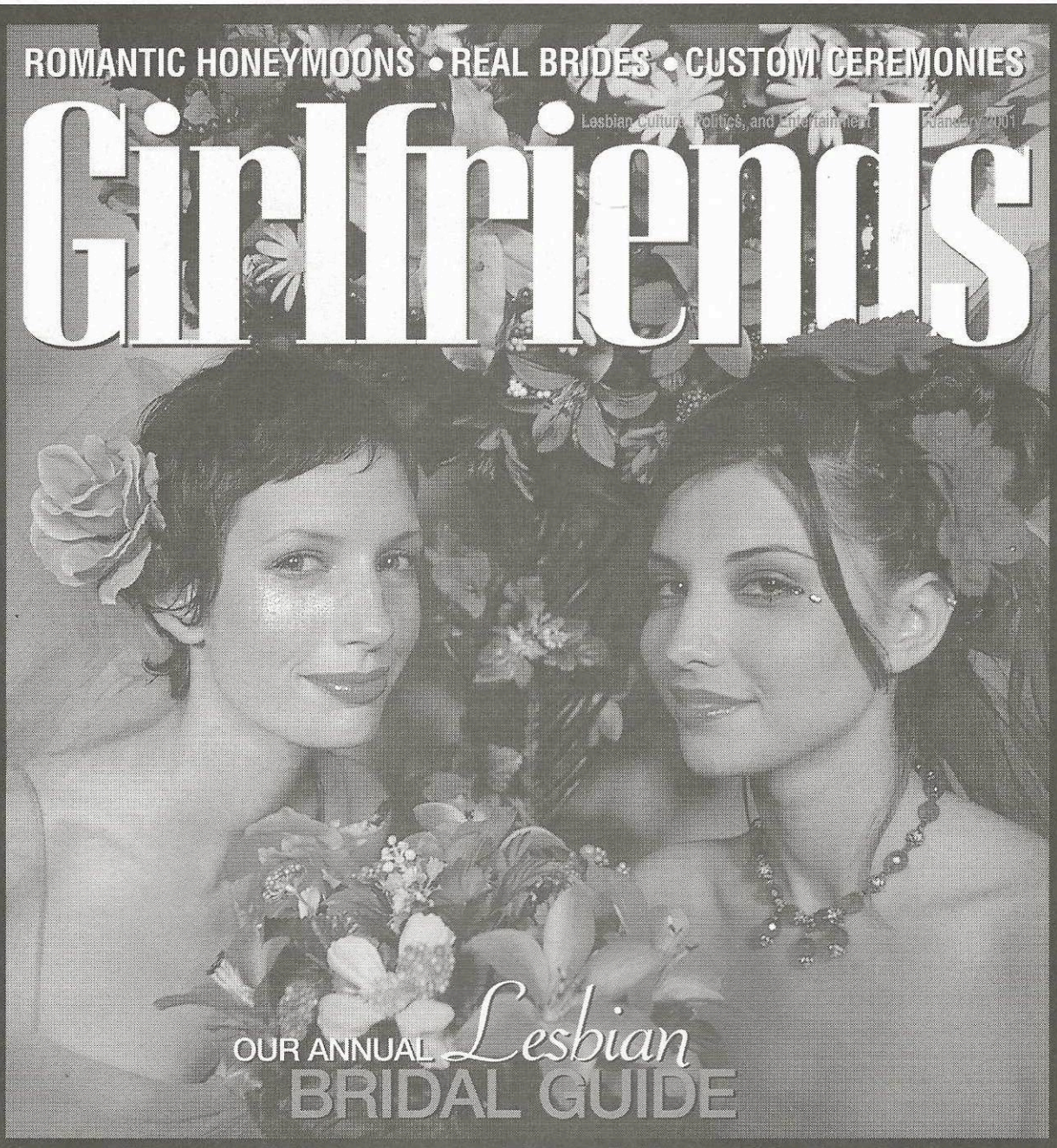

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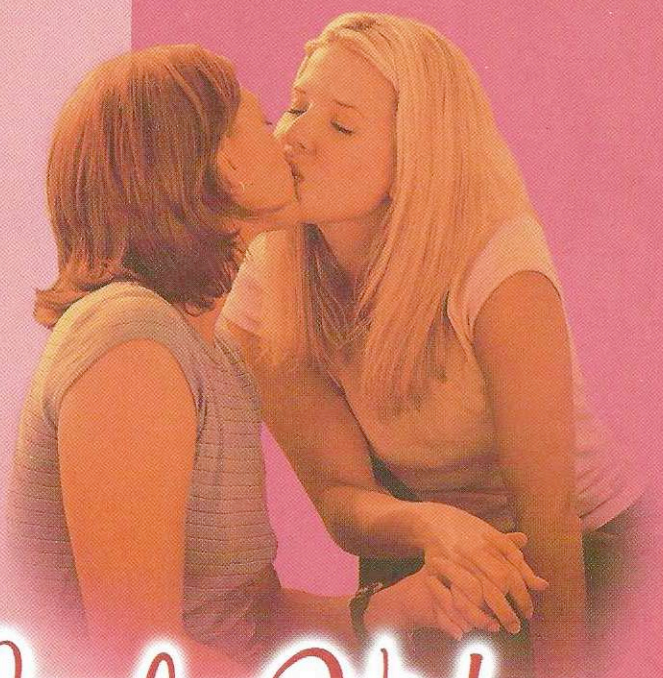

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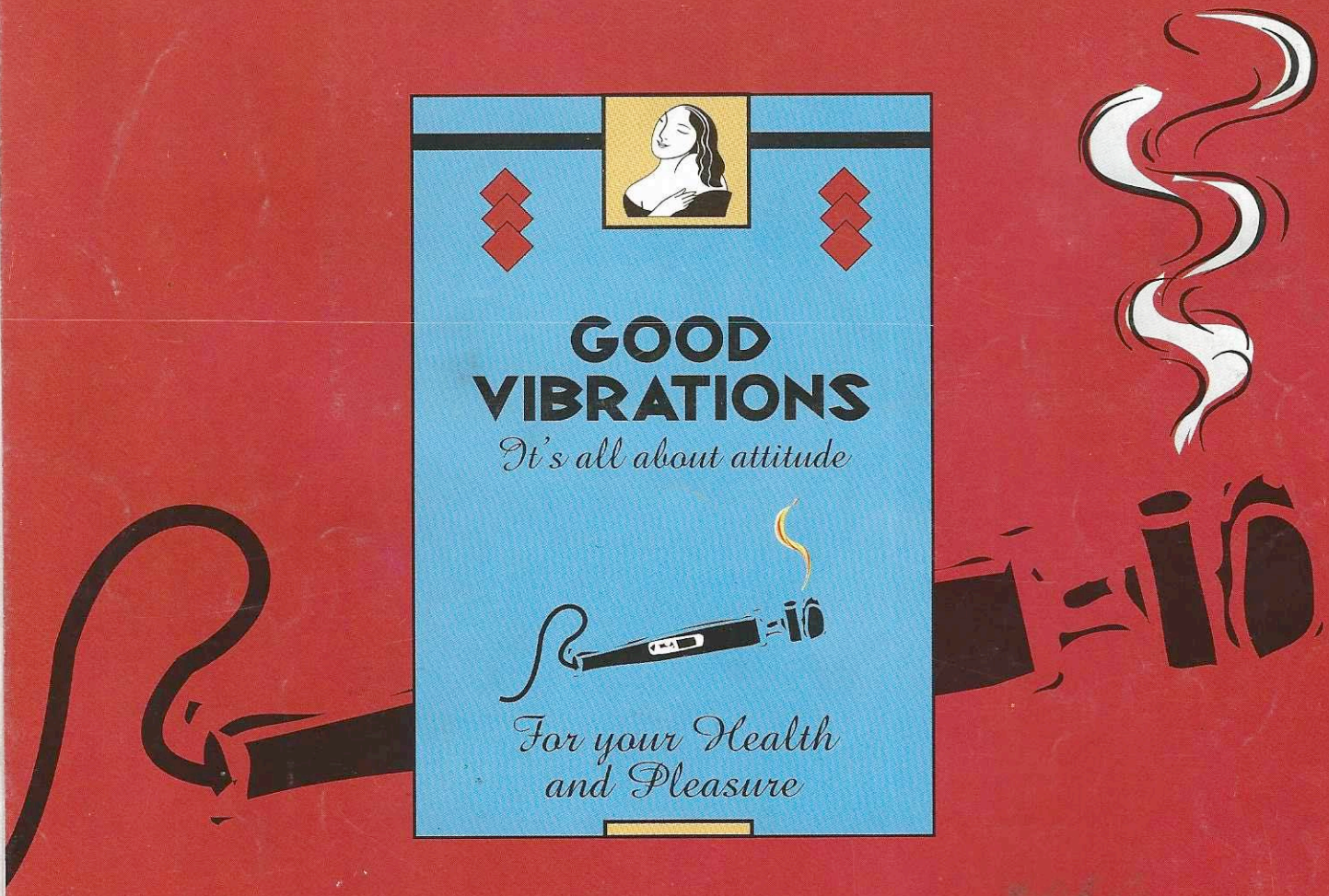

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